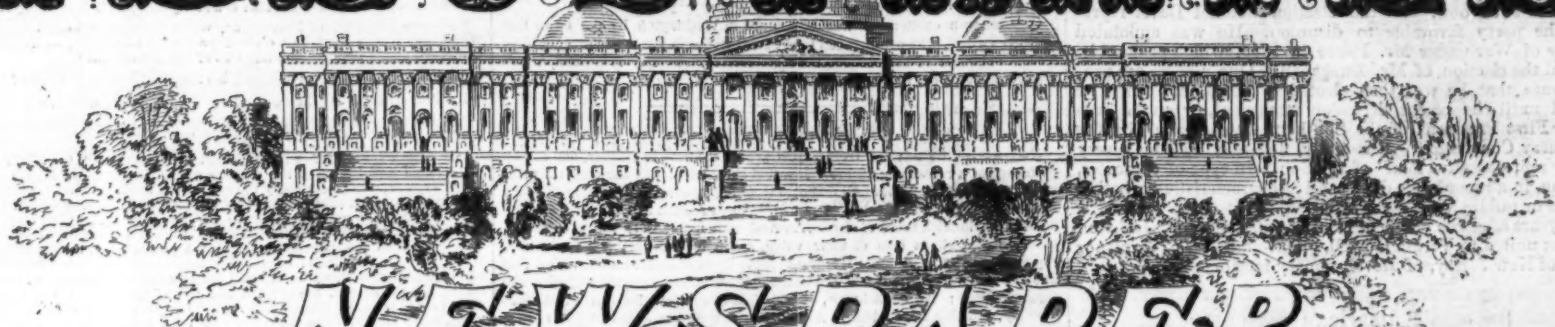


# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, MARCH 9, 1861.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

### Our Portrait of the President.

On the eve of the Presidential Inauguration we present to our readers the only correct portrait yet given to the public of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. Great labor and care have been bestowed upon its preparation, and we feel assured that as a work of art, and as a life-like portraiture of the man who has been chosen to fill the highest office in the gift of the people at a time of great trouble and difficulty, it will be conceded by all to be unequalled in excellence and truthfulness.

The elegant border which forms the framework of the Portrait contains a series of spirited sketches illustrating incidents in the life of President Lincoln and his father.

### JEFFERSON DAVIS,

President of the Southern Confederacy.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, lately elected President of the new Southern Confederacy, is the son of Samuel Davis, a Revolutionary soldier, and was born in Kentucky in 1806—8. When a boy

he went with his father to Mississippi, where he was educated at Transylvania University, whence he passed to West Point, from which he graduated in 1828, passing at once into service under General Taylor. As the captor of the celebrated Black Hawk he attained an eminent place in the history of our Indian wars. After his marriage, in 1835, to a daughter of General (then Colonel) Taylor, he settled down on a plantation, where he devoted some attention to study, and qualified himself for a Southern political life. In 1843 he entered the campaign on the Democratic side, and with such success as to become one of the



JEFFERSON DAVIS, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE NEW SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY — PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.



Mississippi Electors, who cast their votes for Polk and Dallas. In 1845 he was elected to Congress, but resigned at the outbreak of the Mexican war, and, raising a regiment, of which he became Colonel, distinguished himself at Monterey and Buena Vista, and returned home severely wounded. In 1847 he was elected to the United States Senate, where he first began to distinguish himself as an ultra advocate of States Rights, and was re-elected in 1851. He resigned, in order to become a candidate for Governor against Mr. Foote, but was defeated by the heavy and somewhat odd majority of 999 votes. In this election Colonel Davis represented the party favorable to disunion. He was appointed Secretary of War under Mr. Pierce in 1853, which position he held until the election of Mr. Buchanan. Our readers are probably aware that he was then elected to the Senate, where he remained until the recent Secession movement, when he was chosen "First President of the Southern Confederacy" by the Montgomery Convention. Personally, Jefferson Davis is a very perfect "representative man" of the Southern type of character, combining, in a remarkable degree, all its characteristics, whether in private or public life.

Some years after the death of his first wife the Hon. Jefferson Davis was united to Verina Howell, grand-daughter of Governor Howell, of New Jersey, of Revolutionary memory.

#### Barnum's American Museum.

**SPLENDID DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES EVERY AFTER-NOON AND EVENING, at three and half-past seven o'clock.**  
Old Adams' Call on the Monastery, the Living Black Sea Lion, Astor Children, Mammoth Bear Samson, Albino Family from Madagascar, What is it? Thirty Monster Snakes, Living Seal, Living Happy Family, the \$150 Speckled Brook Trout, Double-Voiced Singer, and 850,000 Curiosities.  
Admission 25 cts. Children under ten, 15 cts.

#### FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, MARCH 9, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

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#### NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being in rapport with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

#### A Beautiful New Story.

We call the special attention of our readers to the beautiful and thrilling new Story, "The Faithless Priest; or, My First Temptation." It is written by one of our most rising authors, and is a deeply interesting story of real life, a thrilling page in the life history of a woman. It is a tale which will arrest the attention of all.

#### CONGRESSIONAL MATTERS.

In the Senate, on Saturday, the 23d, the Post Route bill was discussed, and after some talk of a Committee of Conference, was postponed. The bill for the payment of the California Indian campaign was agreed to. A similar bill for suppressing Indian hostilities in Utah in 1853 was passed. The Miscellaneous Appropriation bill was taken up. Several amendments were offered. Among them one by Mr. Dixon, of Connecticut, appropriating \$100,000 for the Charleston Custom House. Some discussion ensued, and the amendment was ruled out. The bill was finally reported complete, and the Senate adjourned.

In the House the Oregon and Washington War Debt bill was passed. The House, in Committee of the Whole, then took up the Tariff bill, and concurred in the Senate's amendment reducing the government loan. There was some opposition to continuing the discussion on the bill, but the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means pressed the subject, and it was agreed to resume its consideration on Monday.

The proceedings in both Houses are very peculiar. A lassitude as though of a sudden decay seems to have fallen on our once energetic Congress.

On the 25th, the Senate passed the House bill authorizing the discontinuance of the Postal Service in the Secluded States. The bill now goes to the President for his signature. The vote stood 24 to 12. The Miscellaneous Appropriation bill was taken up, the amendment for carrying out the Chiriqui contract was rejected, and the bill passed. The Oregon and Washington War Debt bill, and various Territorial bills are special orders for to-day.

In the House the Tariff bill was taken up. The Senate's amendments, levying a tax on tea and coffee, were rejected, but all the other amendments of the Senate were agreed to. The bill was sent to the Senate, and a conference committee will be appointed on the tea and coffee amendments.

On Tuesday, the 26th, the Senate appointed a Committee of Conference on the tea and coffee amendments to the Tariff bill. The Post Route bill was passed, and also bills organizing the Territories of Colorado, Nevada and Dakota. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was passed. The Army Appropriation bill was discussed and reported to the Senate.

In the House, after the presentation of a number of memorials relative to the troubles of the nation, the bill called the Force bill, authorizing the President to accept the services of volunteers to aid in enforcing the laws, was taken up, and after considerable discussion, Mr. Corwin, Republican, moved that its further consideration be postponed till Thursday next. The motion was carried by a vote of 100 to 74. This action is a virtual defeat of the bill. The next business in order was the report of the Select Committee of Thirty-three on the crisis. A scene of great confusion and excitement ensued, which lasted till eight o'clock in the evening, the Democrats resorting to all expedients to prevent a vote being taken, in which they were aided by the Conservative Republicans. The House finally adjourned without taking any action on the report.

#### POLITICAL ITEMS.

**THE PACIFIC COAST.**—On Saturday, the 23d, this very slow but able and patriotic body of men came to a decision in favor of the old Mason and Dixon line, and 36 30 was agreed to—all North of the line for freedom; all South, recognition of Slavery as the status, to be permanently slave or otherwise, just as the inhabitants may, in due time, determine.

**SOUTHERN CONGRESS.**—There has been no public business of any importance; as, however, this famous body holds secret sessions, it is impossible to know what is going on. President Jefferson Davis is on a visit at Charleston. It is said that he is opposed to any warlike measures till after the publication of Lincoln's inaugural.

The Virginia State Convention has adopted the resolution in favor of appointing a Committee to inquire whether any movement of any arms or men has

been made by the Government to any point in or adjacent to Virginia, indicating preparations for coercion. Mr. Fisher offered a resolution, which was referred, opposing a National Convention, and declaring that there was ground to fear that such a body would reorganize the judiciary system, and make the Judges of the Supreme Court elective. A member of the Convention just arrived at Washington says Virginia is firm for the Union unless a coercion policy is adopted.

**JEFF. DAVIS,** the Southern President, has completed his Cabinet, with these additions: Postmaster-General, Hon. H. T. Alett, Miss.; Attorney-General, Hon. J. P. Benjamin, La.; and Mr. Mallory, of Florida, Secretary of the Navy.

CONSIDERABLE excitement was occasioned in Washington by the news that General Twiggs, who commanded the Federal troops in Texas, had surrendered all the fortresses of that State to the State authorities. His command, which numbered 400 men, was to be sent to Washington.

#### Foreign News.

**JAPAN.**—The advices from Japan are to the 29th December, and are by no means of a reassuring nature. It would seem as though our entertainment to their embassy had not at all mollified their hearts to fair dealing, for in every instance they cheat as much as they can. They raise the market value of their coins, and diminish those of ours. An American dollar only passes for sixty-three cents, while a coin of their value, three to a dollar, is now made to represent two-fifths of one. It is gratifying to know that there is one nation that knows how to deal with them, and that is our ancient friends, the English. The facts are these: An Englishman, named Moss, went out with a native servant gunning, and shot a wild duck. As this was against the Japanese game laws, the Englishman was arrested, and in the *mélie* a Japanese was seriously wounded, whereupon the Governor of Yokohama had the Englishman thrown into prison. The English Minister, Mr. Alcock, hearing of this, demanded his release. The Governor swore hard and fast that he did not know where Moss was, although at that minute he was in a jail not a hundred yards from his palace. The Minister thereupon threatened to blow up the Governor's palace if he was not produced by two o'clock. As there were no English men-of-war at Yokohama, he enlisted the Prussian Commodore, who placed his gunboats at the disposal of the British Minister. The Governor, finding the English meant to carry out their threats, gave Moss up. He has since been tried by the British Consul for violation of treaty rules and punished. There is every prospect of trouble with these No-Kami officials. There is a large fleet of foreign ships of war there. The English and French squadrons have just arrived from their Chinese expedition, and are to anchor in Yokohama. This will teach these polished barbarians wisdom.

#### European Nationalities.

If we look over any great portion of the world—Europe for instance—we shall see that, while its geographical divisions or unities are, with some exceptions, well preserved, the national are not in every case so harmoniously arranged. Austria, for instance, is a mere bunch of incongruous nations, each with different languages, feelings and habits. A language is the real life of a race—the soul of its character. The questions which we would ask are, whether the basis of each government should be a separate nationality, and which of these are capable of vigorous progress?

In Great Britain we have, in addition to the English tongue, the Celtic dialects of Welsh, Old Irish, Scottish-Gaelic and Manx. The census shows that the four latter are diminishing so rapidly that in a generation or two they will only exist as dead languages. And in addition to this, what between emigration on the one side and education and social influences on the other, we find the population of Ireland, Wales and Scotland being very rapidly Anglicized in all particulars. Wealth, manufactures, schools and increased facilities of transit are rapidly identifying all the inhabitants of Great Britain. When two men talk the same language and have the same habits they are practically of the same people. The sole element of Great Britain must eventually be English.

In France we have the beautiful Provençal tongue of the South, with the local peculiarities of those who speak it; the Bas-Breton, of Brittany, much like Welsh; and the Basque, of the South-West. To which may be added the German of the North-East, which is sustained by the vicinity of Germany. With the exception of this latter corner, French is the predominant tongue. There is no hope of any Provençal or Basque or Breton nationality ever rising again. They are not strong enough to compete with any great modern national element—they reached their highest possible pitch centuries ago—the Basque in ages anterior to exact history, the Provençal in the Eleventh century, when it gave to Europe a glorious literature. Their day is past.

In Spain we find Basque, Catalan and Gipsy tongues, but all subordinate to Spanish.

In Belgium the original Flemish is, still spoken by the lower orders of Flanders, and we may almost say only by them, although all classes understand it. The same is true of the Walloon tongue—of French extraction, with much Spanish and German intermixture—spoken in Hainault, Liege and Namur. The leading newspapers are in French, and though a strong literary movement has been made to revive Flemish nationality, it is evident that French will yet become the element of the country. Even Holland, Dutch as it is, may possibly be Frenchified, so rapid is the advance of Gallic language and habits within its limits.

Germany is encroaching rapidly in language on Denmark, and the present difficulty between those countries is really based on a desperate effort by Denmark to force her language into schools in a province where it can only be upheld by an effort. Denmark is sustained by Norway and Sweden, whose tongues are very much the same as Danish, but there is some reason to believe that Denmark may in course of time be fully Germanized.

In Austria we have the German, Slavonian, Italian and Hungarian languages. The Czech-Slavic, or Bohemian, may vanish before German, though it is possible that the vicinity of so many kindred dialects, and the jealous care of its giant-mother Russia, may preserve it by "Pan-Slavonism." Hungarian too, is a *liee* element, craving independence, and not destined any more than Italian or English to die out.

The living European languages of the future in short seem to be English, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Scandinavian, Russian and possibly Magyar-Hungarian. Polish, Bohemian and the South Slavic dialects will probably be lost a few generations hence in Russian. Each of these represents a strong modern character with capacity for progress, and a knowledge of all will at some future day be essential to a thorough and practical education.

#### EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

We know, from our own experience, that a misprint will occasionally happen, but we have seldom seen a more wilful one than that in Thurlow Weed's paper, the *Albany Journal*. It occurs in the account of Old Abe's reception in Newark. "It must be remembered that the Mayor is welcoming the President elect."

"On behalf of the Common Council and my fellow-citizens, I most Godfrey's cordially welcome you to our city, and tender to you its hospitalities."

It is almost unnecessary to say that the imputation sought to be conveyed—that Newark administered to the President elect a dose of the nursery soporific, is entirely without foundation in fact.

The "martyr's shout of fire" converted into a "shirt of fire," or the brilliant type who made this line, "He tipped his leman Adah on a couch," into "He sipped his lemonade within a coach," is not to be compared to the man who puffed Godfrey's Cordial over Lincoln's shoulder.

The *Norwich Bulletin* is also equally felicitous. It says:

"Horace Hopkins, of Providence, while attempting to get upon the train which left Hartford at two o'clock yesterday afternoon, as it passed River Point, fell under the cars and had two of his feet cut off."

He was fortunate in not losing all his feet, was he not, neighbor?

If we are to believe the *New York Express*, we have private Bombas in our midst. As the young man in question should be immortalized, we quote the paragraph from Monday's *Express* entire:

"HORRIBLE TREATMENT OF A GIRL BURNING TO DEATH.—On the 9th inst., a young girl, named Ann Burch, in the employ of Mr. Tallman, in Eighth street, near Third avenue, was so seriously burned by the bursting of a fluid lamp, that she died in the greatest agony in the City Hospital on Friday. Coroner Horten was notified to hold an inquest upon the body on Saturday, which he proceeded to do, when the following story was told by the physician who attended her: Before she died she told the doctor that a young man, named George Spader, who resided in the house, on hearing her screams, came down stairs, when she begged him to save her from burning to death. Instead of attempting to extinguish the flames, he ordered her out of the house; but as she did not obey him at once, he immediately seized her and roughly ejected her into the yard, when she lay upon the grass plot until her clothes were almost entirely burned off her. Another of the servants came down stairs, and not seeing Ann, went into the yard, where she found the poor girl trying to screen her nakedness behind the cistern. It was also stated the girl had called the attention of her mistress to the unsafe condition of the lamp. A further investigation of the case will take place at the City Hospital this afternoon."

The action here stigmatized as horrible seems also to come within being accessory to manslaughter.

A *Cleveland Journal* says that a blunt old citizen of that flourishing town openly avowed that he had done all he could to help the President in his present arduous task of reconstructing the Union, and added that, in order to prevent mistakes, he had expressly said in his prayers that he meant Abraham Lincoln and not the other fellow.

Another Western paper says that the sooner Uncle Sam gets rid of *Auntie Slavery* the better. These Western men seem to insist on their joke, even in the gravest junctures.

As a set-off, let us give the last *bow not* from the *Charleston Mercury*, which says, "that since the northern papers seem inclined to make a saint of Anderson, it will, of course be necessary to canonize him first!" That may be called a figure of *Rhetoric*.

The *Tribune*, in recording the midnight flight of Old Abe from Harrisburg to Washington, in order to avoid some mysterious plot for his assassination, says, regretfully, "that Mr. Lincoln may not have the chance of such a glorious death within the next century." There is no accounting for taste in the luxury of dying, but we presume Mr. Lincoln may be allowed his own choice in so important a matter. Mr. Greeley set his friend Abe the example, when he made his *Hegira* from St. Louis without giving his lecture.

As a *Warning* to the too susceptible damsels who run after Japanese Tommies and Irish preachers, we copy from the *London Court Journal* the following item:

"When the Rev. Henry Grattan Guinness was lately in Philadelphia, a young lady of 'wealth and position' made him an offer of her heart, hand and purse. The minister replied: 'I came to America not to seek a wife, but to preach the Gospel. Your note strikes me as much out of place; and my advice to you is that you give the money which you seem willing to bestow on me to the poor, your heart to the Lord, and your hand to the first one that asks for it.'"

#### PERSONAL.

W. B. Astor, Prof. Felton and Hon. W. J. Dayton, of New Jersey, have been chosen Regents of the Smithsonian Institute.

We regret to announce the death of John Dunn Littell, formerly District Attorney of Hudson County. He was carried off by that silent cheater of the eye, consumption. He had lived in Hoboken for many years, and was deeply respected. Seldom has a man occupied so peculiar a position as that of the Public Prosecutor, and yet made so few enemies. His justice was eminently tempered with mercy. He leaves a widow and family. He died on the 18th of February, at Hibernia, Florida, whither he had gone in search of health.

It is always pleasant to record the good luck of an artist, or any other man of genius, and we therefore are glad to announce that Clarke Mills, the distinguished sculptor, has secured a piece of living sculpture, in the shape of the widow of the late Mr. Howell, of Baltimore, the eminent dry goods merchant, who has become the presiding goddess of his studio, with a fortune of \$300,000. We have little doubt that now Mr. Clarke Mills will receive more commissions than he can attend to.

CARL SHURZ is specially excluded from the amnesty granted by the King of Prussia. So long as Carl can read *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Zeitung* he does not want to go back to Germany.

We are requested to state that Mrs. August Belmont did not call on Mrs. Lincoln during her recent stay at the Astor House.

MOTLEY'S "History of the Dutch Republic" has had a greater success in London than in America. The same fate happened to Prescott, Irving, and all our greatest authors.

We heartily endorse the following recommendation in the *Daily News*: "We have already noticed in our news columns the death of Hattie James, the ballad singer, who received fatal injuries by being burned at the footlights of the Gaieties Concert Hall in Broadway. She was the sole support of a whole family, and efforts are being made to get up a benefit for her mother and sisters. Let all charitable members of the singing-house fraternity club together and do the thing decently." If the proprietor or the man who owned the saloon where she was killed has one spark of humanity he will repair in some degree the effect of his carelessness, as implied in the censure of the Coroner's verdict.

MRS. MARGARET JEFFERSON, wife of the distinguished comedian, Joseph Jefferson, died at his residence in Twelfth street, on Monday, at the age of twenty-nine years. Mrs. Jefferson was well known several years ago as an actress in the Southern theatres, and was once attached to Laura Keane's theatre. In private life she was greatly esteemed.

THAT brave old Patriot, General Paetz, has been recalled by the Venezuelan Government to assume the command of the army. He had his farewell interview with President Buchanan on Saturday, the 23d, and sailed for his own country on the 27th of February.

GENERAL HENNINGSEN denies that he has gone South to seek for a commission in the Seeding army. He is engaged on a military life of Washington. The General is one of those few men who wield the pen and the sword with equal vigor. Let us hope that his forthcoming work will prove the truth of the old saying, "The pen is mightier than the sword."

EIGHTH REGIMENT, WASHINGTON GREYS.—This fine corps of our citizen soldiery celebrated the 129th natal day of Washington in a most becoming and patriotic manner. During the day the Regiment paraded with the Division, and in the evening held its annual reception at the Regimental Headquarters, over Centre Market. The portion of the building fronting on Grand and Centre streets was splendidly illuminated, while the interior was tastefully decorated with a profusion of flags and pennants of all nations. The rooms of the Armory were thronged with the members of the Regiment and their lady and gentlemen friends, who did ample justice to the fine music discoursed by the Band belonging to the Regiment, by "tripping it on the light fantastic toe" until the wee hours of the morn, when the festivities were brought to a close.

THE *Leader* has startled its readers by announcing the sudden departure of its senior editor, John Clancy, Esq., for Cuba. But no explanation of the sudden departure of our County Clerk was offered, and it gave rise to as many speculations as the mysterious visit of a surveyor from Havana to Europe. We learn that the visit of Mr. Clancy to the Queen of the Antilles is not of a political nature, nor in any way connected with the purchase of that lovely island. Mr. Clancy was married, by his Grace Archbishop Hughes, on Wednesday night last, to Senorita Fernandez, an accomplished and beautiful lady, well known in New York society, and a grand-niece of General Paetz, and left in the steamer on Thursday morning on a honeymoon jaunt to Cuba.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

##### Among the Artists.

PUBLIC taste, so variable and capricious, has at least been consistent in its patronage of the fine arts. Year by year, hand in hand with the increase of wealth, has the patronage of the fine arts advanced. We remember how difficult it was, not a hundred years ago, for the majority of our artists, however industrious, to keep ahead of their expenses. Every class of artist painted portraits then, for the simple reason that, while universal man and woman worshipped their own faces on canvas, they had little sympathy for anything in art beside. So our landscape, our marine and our historical painters went in for portraits—or, as they termed them, their "pot boilers"—a delicate reference to the fact that these supplied the readiest



and most certain means of procuring the comestibles, without which it was of little use to boil the pot.

Now our landscape painters soar into the comfortable dignity of town mansions and country seats. One picture is an exhibition of itself, and thousands of dollars are realized by the fortunate and deserving artist through the agency of public curiosity. We recognize this fact, however, that the increase of public patronage and seeming advancement of taste have only kept pace with the progress in art manifested in its disciples. A higher range of intelligence has been and is developing, and a new race of artists, or one regenerate, has asserted a position and sustained it by works, and has wrung from the public an acknowledgement of its claims, and has gained a control which fashion recognizes, obeying and following with blind confidence, to its honor be it spoken and also to its profit.

The artist's *conversations* which have been established for some time, and to which are invited the prominent patrons of art, litterateurs and critics, have done much to interest the public in artists and art doings. They afford opportunities for the various classes to meet together face to face, to become acquainted, and to exchange sentiments. They also place the artists in the position of hosts, and thus establish that social equality which is their right by virtue of talent, education and moral worth. They have, in every point of view, proved beneficial to the cause of art.

All our artists are very busy, and many remarkable pictures are finished and others under fair headway. The new picture by Gignoux, illustrating "Indian Summer," is a work of remarkable merit. It was exhibited at the first reception of the Brooklyn Art Association last week, and created a great sensation. We understand that it will shortly be exhibited in this city, when we will speak of it more at length. The work upon which Church is at present engaged, "The Iceberg," is expected to be his greatest art-labor. The subject offers an entirely new field for his genius and the vigor of his imagination, and the strength of his handling will assuredly produce some striking and masterly effects. The freshness of the subject will create a lively excitement, and its public exhibition will bring a vast harvest of dollars to the talented and popular artist. We are to have another "Niagara." George L. Brown has received a commission to paint a picture of the great Falls by moonlight. We may expect a striking picture.

A collection of pictures by a young English artist, named Farrar, pupil of the famous Ruskin, will be shortly exhibited in New York. Young Booth, who has recently created a profound sensation in New York by his masterly acting, will shortly appear on canvas. He is now sitting to Thomas Hicks, who is deeply interested in his sister.

Messrs. Moses H. Grinnell, Isaac Bell, Edward Minton and George F. Talman have presented Rembrandt Peale's famous portrait of Washington to the Seventh Regiment.

The annual election of Officers of the Artist Fund Society for the ensuing year resulted as follows: Daniel Huntington, President; J. W. Casilear, Vice President; Messrs. Hubbard Kensett, Lang, Gifford and Gignoux, members of the Board of Control; Vincent Colyer, Secretary; and Messrs. Launt Thompson, Alfred Jones, T. A. Richards, Suydam and Mignot, the Committee of Inquiry.

The lease held by the National Academy of Design of its present rooms expires on the 1st of May. The annual exhibition will consequently be opened early in March, and close nearly two months sooner than usual. Next year, the Academy hopes to occupy its new building on the corner of Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue.

#### St. Valentine's Day.

We cannot ignore the fact that the gentle observances of St. Valentine's Day are rapidly dying out. Romance is fading out, the world is becoming so utterly prosaic that poetry has lost its charm, and with it chivalry has passed away. Still isolated instances exist, and one love has at least found vent to its emotions in verse. Let it speak for itself:

#### Dreaming.—To S. M. T.

Lady! of the beaming eye,  
Lip of love and brow of beauty;  
Cheek, whose bloom of rosy dye  
Makes high admiration duty:

May you never know one care!  
Never feel the weight of sadness!  
But those features ever wear  
Bright as now the smile of gladness.

May you have more perfect love,  
More of happiness and pleasure,  
More pure blessings from above  
Than my speech or thought can measure!

May the Father from on high  
Hold thy spirit in his keeping,  
May his angel vigils nigh  
In thy waking hours and sleeping.

And if one wish more I dare,  
Wilt forgive the rash petition?  
Indignation just forbear,  
In my heart's unfeigned contrition.

I would beg one little cell—  
Selfish is it? Yes, I'm mortal—  
Where my name might ever dwell  
Just within thy heart's bright portal.

Content! one little cell! no more!  
Though other claim the palace peerless;  
Though other learn its hidden lore,  
I were not even then quite cheerless.

For there a sacred shrine should be,  
Seen only by the eye Eternal;  
With soul-fed fires kept, kept for thee,  
To light at last a flame supernal.

NAY VALENTINE.

Great Barrington, Mass., Feb. 16, 1861.

#### Something New to Read.

The hardness of the times has laid an embargo upon the literary ports for the past month or two, but as the season advances and the prospects brighten, we may expect a perfect flooding of the market with new books of every description. In the midst of this dearth, TICKNOR & FIELDS have issued in their usual neat and elegant style, a novel called *Elsie Venner; or, the Victim of Destiny*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. It was originally published in serial form in the *Atlantic Monthly*, appearing as the "Professor's Story." *Elsie Venner* is the modern *Lamia*, only the Professor has not attempted the dramatic transformation from the female to the ultimate serpent form; but to all intents and purposes *Elsie* is a snake-woman, bearing its form upon her breast, and in her being carrying that wonderful mystery of ante-birth, transmuted nature and instincts derived from powerful and agitating external causes. We are led to suppose that *Elsie's* mother died from the bite of a rattlesnake (received some weeks previous to *Elsie's* birth, after which date she lingered some few weeks. The probability of this singular exhibition of the effects of the rattlesnake poison, the Professor enforces by extracts from old records; he examines the subject at length, and admits of the possibility of such a nature as *Elsie* displays in all its moral infirmities and deformities—in its serpent-like power of fascination—in its extra-human power of subduing with a look the reptile species, and those physical anomalies of icy touch and cold, diamond-like eyes, the iris of which can be enlarged or contracted at will to repel or to attract. Such unusual instances undoubtedly exist, but without being traceable to any such primary cause. Still, the belief in the Snake-Woman, the type of the uttermost voluptuousness, is found away in the dim ages; and the woman and the serpent of the Book of Genesis is another and purified form of the serpent belief, which has, in one place or the other, never ceased to exist.

The introduction of such a character in a modern novel is both difficult and hazardous. To treat it with the legendary freedom would shock and disgust the refined reader, and would need a supernatural to develop its true instincts. The Professor has, like Frankenstein, created a being which he could not manage. He describes what she does, how she looks, her roving propensities, her wild, malignant bursts of passion, her dark hours, but he does not know what she thinks, for he has not penetrated her being. She is so much of a mystery to him that he does not make her speak, until, when dying, the serpent disappears before the promise of a purer life, and her lips open, which until then had been almost dumb. We cannot but look upon the creation of *Elsie Venner* as a failure. We do not deny that its artistic management invests it with strong

and singular interest, but it is a mere shadowy outline, incomplete and unsatisfactory.

The book is exquisitely written; pure in its language, elegant in its diction, and full of noble sentiments and highly suggestive thoughts. Its philosophy is free, but based upon the broadest humanity, and free from the bigotry of the schools and the narrowed circle of sectarianism.

The picture drawn by the Professor of the town of Rockland, its society and surroundings, is a wonderful piece of prose painting, which in felicity, force, quiet humor, detail and contrasts has rarely been equalled, and never excelled. The scene is visible to the imagination, the characters live upon the page. What a profound and eloquent love of nature breathes in every line descriptive of the grand and beautiful surroundings of the town! What infinite humor, keen observation, and intuitive perception of character in the account of "Colonel and Mrs. Sprowle's party," the event of the season. Had we the space, we could quote for our readers' delectation numberless passages of pathos, humor, sketches of character and individual scenes of rare power and beauty which abound in this remarkable book. But we must content ourselves with commending "Elsie Venner" most cordially to our readers, as decidedly the book of the season.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich has just sent forth a volume of poems through the medium of RUDD & CARLETON, who have done their part of the work most admirably, for the volume is indeed most daintily produced. Aldrich has done some exquisite things, rich in thought, delicate in fancy, glowing with felicitous imagery, and couched in warm and sonorous language. He is a delicate and sensitive writer, always melodious, tender and sympathetic, sometimes touching the depths of sentiment, but rarely raising to strength or power. He is a sweet songster, but is not a teacher. He deals more with the refinements of sentiment than the broad power of truth, and seeks rather to fascinate the ear than to arouse the intellect. But he is worthy the attention of an audience, and he has won it.

The volume before us contains some poems of great excellence. The fragment, "Pythagoras," has a touch of grandeur in its thought and language which almost rises to the greatness of the subject. "Kathie Morris," an idyll, is one of the most charming sketches in the collection. It is simple, natural, and full of tender thought and feeling. Of the smaller poems we quote two which will be acceptable to our readers:

#### Haunted.

A noisome mildewed vine  
Crawls to the rotting eaves;  
The gate has dropt from the rusty hinge,  
And the walks are strewn with leaves.

Close by the shattered fence  
The red-clay road runs by  
To a haunted wood, where the hemlocks groan  
And the willows sob and sigh.

Among the dank lily flowers  
The spiteful fly-flies glow,  
And a woman stoops by the stagnant pond  
Wrapped in her burial-clothes.

There's a dark blue scar on her throat,  
And ever she makes a moan;  
And the humid lizards shine in the grass,  
And the lichen weeps on the stone.

And the Moon shrinks in a cloud,  
And the traveller shakes with fear,  
And an Owl on the skirts of the wood  
Hoots, and says, "Do you hear?"

Go not there at night,  
For a spell hangs over all—  
Thespisid elms, and the dismal road,  
And the broken garden wall.

O, go not there at night,  
For a curse is on the place;  
Go not there, for fear you meet  
The Murdered face to face!

#### Song.

Merry is the robin  
That pipes away his care,  
And merry is the mackerel  
That leaps a yard in air!  
And merry is the butter-cup  
Beneath the April sky  
And merry as the spring-time,  
Love, are you and I!

Now the robin's chilly,  
And all his songs are done;  
No more the spotted mackerel  
Leaps silvery in the sun.  
O, mournful is the scarlet leaf,  
And mournful is the sky—  
But merry as the spring-time,  
Love, are you and I!

RUDD & CARLETON have also published a very useful and excellent book, entitled, *Phil's Washington Described*. It is a complete view of the American Capital and the District of Columbia, with many notices, historical, topographical and scientific of the seat of Government. A work of this class has long been needed; it supplies a great want, and cannot fail to meet with an extensive sale. It is ably edited by W. D. Haley.

An unusually interesting story from the practised pen of Mrs. MARIAN M. PULLAN, entitled *The King's Daughter; or, The Romance of Royalty*, will be commenced in the next number of the *Household Journal*, to be issued on the 21st inst. The Duke of Cumberland (late King of Hanover) figures as the principal character, while the other members of the royal family are conspicuously introduced in the narrative. The marital relations of the late king were more singular and complicated than those of his royal uncle, the Great Duke of Cumberland, the legality of whose marriage with the Lady Alice, in the last century, has just been established in the English Courts, as noticed in our issue of February 23d. The story alluded to is founded on facts, of many of which the fair authoress and her family were personally cognizant.

#### Musical.

There has been nothing new up to date at the Academy of Music. The new opera, "Un Ballo in Maschera," has drawn well and is becoming a favorite. The last representation of it attracted the largest and most brilliant house of the season. So far the experiment of the Associated Artists has proved a decided success. Their business has been very ably managed by Mr. Gran, and it is said that the profits afford the artists higher salaries than they have ever before received upon an engagement.

The long expected debut of Miss Kellogg took place on the night of our going to press; we are therefore unable to criticise her performance or to tell our readers the result of her debut. She appeared in "Rigoletto," and we shall speak of her in our next.

Madame Anna Bishop's English Opera Company is attracting considerable attention. The attendance is very large and the audience quite enthusiastic. The last opera produced was "La Sonnambula," in which Madame Bishop personated Amina with marked success. She sang the music with exquisite grace and finish, and with a pathos but rarely equalled on the lyric stage. Her acting is equally finished, graceful and earnest. Our readers should witness Madame Bishop's performance in "La Sonnambula." Mr. Brookhouse Bowler gained a deserved encore in "Still so gently o'er me stealing," and Mr. Aynsley Cook was very efficient as the Count.

Madame Anna Bishop has made a tremendous hit in that fine patriotic song, "The Flag of our Union for Ever." It is the joint production of George P. Morris and William Vincent Wallace, and well worthy the reputation of both. It is now called for every evening, and is received with thunders of applause and unanimous encores. There is no one can sing a national song like Anna Bishop. Her force, fervor and enthusiasm electrify her audience.

On Saturday evening, March 24, Ambler's charming opera of "Fra Diavolo" will be produced. Miss Eleanor A. Watson will appear as Zerlina for the first time on any stage. She is spoken of as a finely cultivated singer and a young lady of much ability. She will be supported by Mr. Brookhouse Bowler and Mr. Aynsley Cook.

#### The Little Sisters Myers.

For some time past these extraordinary children have been giving semi-private exhibitions in the parlors of our first-class hotels, which have been kindly placed at their disposal by the proprietors. Their performances have excited the liveliest interest, and the fashionable circles of our city have taken the little girls under their special protection. The sisters, Marie Louise and Josephine, have a double talent; they not only sing like little nightingales, but they possess remarkable elocutionary powers. Their last entertainment was given at the Everett House with great success. They should give a public concert at Dodworth's.

#### THE ARION FANCY BALL.

NEW YORK has never seen a fancy ball so remarkable for inventiveness, variety and scholarly humor, as well as splendor, to be compared with that of the Arion Association, held on the 21st inst. at Irving Hall. The immense variety of costume, the curious ceremonies, the wild pranks of the scene are literally indescribable. Prominent among them was Columbia, seated on a dais or platform, surrounded by thirteen ladies representing the original States, each bearing the appropriate shield. Columbia, dressed in the star spangled banner, received the tributes of many nations. At her right were all North American Indian tribes, even to the Esquimaux; while to the left were the representatives of South America, mingled with many grotesques. Behind her was a colossal statue of Washington, the whole surmounted by flags. The tableau was magnificent and much admired. Near it we observed the Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Goetze, attired in rococo style, in knee breeches, wig and court sword, wearing a *chapeau bas* some six or eight feet long! Mr. Goetze having been fully initiated in his native city, Cologne, into all the mysteries of Carnival, is well qualified to sustain the post of Lord of Misrule and Master of the Revels. Queen Victoria and King Cotton also shone with their suites.

In the grand procession which swept around the hall the following characters went in due order:

Superintendent of Police—mounted; Police force; two Heralds. PRINCE CARNIVAL—His Cabinet and suite; Delegations of Blackfoot Indians, Bahirs, Zuloo Kaffirs and Mamelukes, Hotentots, &c.; Heralds and Banner-bearers; Continental Guard; Generals of the time of the Revolution and of the present time; Grand Master of the Ceremonies; the Thirteen Original States.

COLUMBIA—Commander-in-Chief of the Ransom Guard; Ransom Guard; the Diplomatic Corps, in full Court dress; the Champions of the Old and New Worlds; Harbinger's P. T., the Double-voiced Lady.

THE JAPANESE EMBAZY—including the Tycoon, Tommy, Bin, Bam, Bum, Tritsch, Tratsch, Trutch and the Treaty Box. THE RULING POWERS OF EUROPE—Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel, Mazzini, L. Napoleon, Omer Pasha, Kossuth, Abd-el-Kader, &c.; What is it? Bismarck in fancy dress; an advertisement for hotel-keepers (the best brand of the day); the Ghost of King Frederick William IV. of Prussia; his next friend (Mme. Veuve Chiquet), in mourning; Gutenberg, the greatest benefactor of mankind.

ARION, the "King of Song," followed by his suite. LORELEY, the bewitching Songstress and Fairy of the Rhine; Villagers, Peasants, Fishermen, Shoppers, &c.; Impresarios, Conductors, Managers and Quartet; Little Napoleon and his star troupe of opera singers.

LA JUIVE—Falstaff and sundry Merry Wives of Windsor; To be, or not to be, by E. F.; the Emperor Solouque of Hayti; Baron von Hahnfeld, or the next somnolent; Scotch Bagpipers; the Prince of Wales, led by Queen Victoria and suite; Admiral Napier, the Duke of Newcastle, Ladies in Waiting, &c.; several specimens of sundry nationalities; Mrs. R. Carolina, surrounded by the Hecaton guard and a grand music band; her special reporters.

#### KING COTTON.

COLUMBIA'S ADDRESS in honor of the 129th anniversary of the birthday of the illustrious Father of our Country:

Enough of mirth; the Goddess now shall lend  
Her aid to achieve the peaceful, noble end.  
Though chaos reigned, now light breaks o'er the scene,  
And order, peace and freedom smile serene,  
As thus discordant elements unite;  
And what seemed wrong, at last subserves the right.

So may our country from vexatious strife  
Emerge with added strength to nobler life.  
May the great hero, bonding from above,  
To view the land made glorious by his love,  
Behold on this glad day that gave him birth,  
Our banner still unfurled to bless the earth,  
And neath its folds the united thousands see  
That shout for Fatherland and Liberty.

#### APOTHEOSIS OF WASHINGTON! GRAND TABLEAU!

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Some three months ago a widow lady, named Sparks, sent a particular garment sacred to female use—not the inexpressibles—to Mary Moran, who presided at one of Johnson's Patent Furriers, or Washing Machines. In the pocket of this *she-shirt* there were pinned in a Chemical Bank note for \$1,000 and another for \$500. These were so entirely washed out as not to be visible. When the fair laundress, Miss Moran, was arrested, she denied all knowledge of the "Chemicals," and she was dismissed on the ground that there was no evidence against her. Last week it was discovered that she had sold the notes for \$1,000 to a man and his wife, who were so indiscreet as to call attention to their sudden wealth by investing the proceeds in a Savings' Bank. Mary Moran has been re-arrested, and Widow Sparks may regain some of her money. We trust, however, in future, that she will only conceal her personal beauty in the linen bank, and not her dollars and treasure.

Another case, in which the washerwoman is the victim, and not the washee, occurred in Orchard street last week. A fairy of soapbuds, unsubstantial as one of those sapaceous bubbles blown by boys from the stem of a pipe, was called upon by a German, who gave his name as Adam Walder. He said he was a priest and agent for a great benevolent institution. As a proof of his spirituality, he pulled a bottle from his pocket, and asked her to take a "whiff." She did, and was whiffed into a state of insensibility. The result was that he basely took advantage of her psychological condition, and appropriated all he could lay his hands upon in the shape of property. The only things he did not take were the washing-tubs. Next day she met her spiritual adviser, and had him arrested.

THE SONS OF MALTA have not recovered the notice we took of them last year. On Saturday, the 23d February, the famous Pro Patria Lodge, 314 Broadway, came to an untimely end. The wonderful mysterious machinery and all the bedeviling nonsense came to the corner. Sparks, that had the advantage of not being able to perceive, were sold dirt cheap; helmets, made for brainless heads, went for nothing, like the heads; the rugged path was easily reached for half a dollar. The mystic volume was sold as waste paper. Even the song used by the Emperor Chow-Chow when he wanted silence, to eat his chowder 'in, was sold to a quiet man for fifty cents, and the organ was as dismal as though it had been the organ of the Black Republican Company. *Sic transit gloria!* of the believers in Malt liquors.

DEBTS the paralysis of trade, the Great Western Railroad never had so prosperous a season. Its weekly receipts for the week ending 23d February were \$40,000, or \$6,000 more than that of the corresponding week last year.

A CONVENTION of old soldiers has lately met at Indianapolis to protest against any alteration of the Constitution, or any break-up of the Union. It was a most affecting sight to see men who had fought in all our wars since 1812 meet in deliberate convulsion to show how brightly in their bosoms burnt those ancient fires.

WASHINGTON'S last birthday was celebrated with more enthusiasm throughout the Union than it has been for many years. The only place where a doubt was thrown upon its propriety was in a city named after him, and "consequently called Washington." In this, the Federal Capital, one Mr. James Buchanan, an Old Public Funk-shonary, countermanded General Scott's order for the Federal troops to parade, but the indignation of the public, South and North, compelled him to abandon this unworthy resolve. His accidentary John Tyler is supposed to be at the bottom of the mischief.

THE citizens of Hoboken are much troubled by who to choose for a Mayor. They have some excellent men among them, such as W. G. Plummer, Dr. Elder, General Hatfield, and others we could name; but as Mr. Plummer and General Hatfield are Republicans, it would be more difficult to elect either of them than the doctor. The present Mayor, Johnson, has earned golden opinions, but he has been Mayor one year, and rotation is the doctrine of Democracy, which rules in Hoboken. The Germans, so Wiedeneller says, have no intention of nominating a Jewson. All they want is a good man.

SATURDAY EVENING, the 23d, was an interesting one for our Jewish friends, being the celebration of the Feast of the Purim, in commemoration of the escape of the Israelites from the anres of Haman through the interposition of Queen Esther. It is singular that our Lincoln should have escaped the same way from the snare of A-m-i-s, for nobody knows the man.

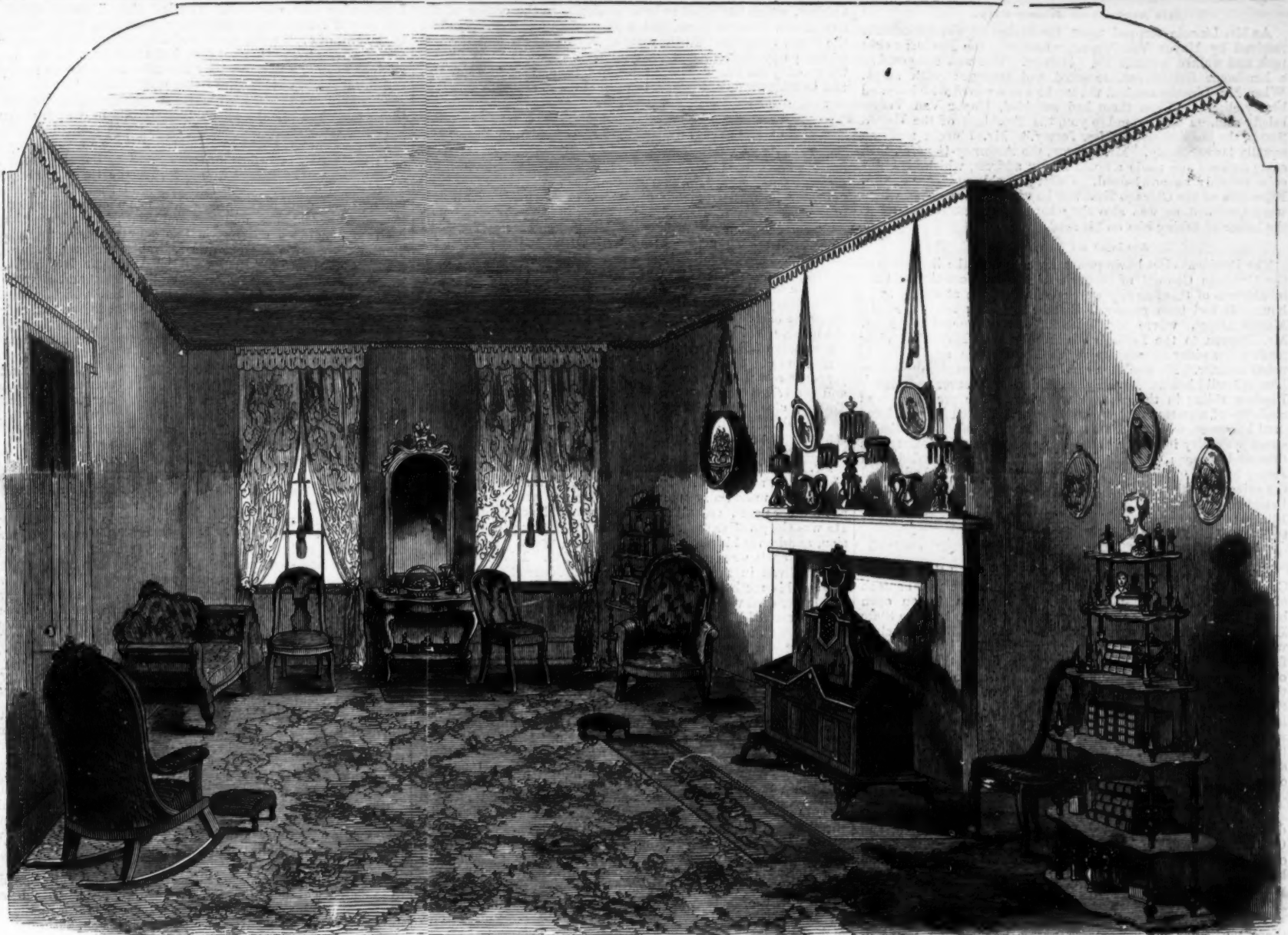
THE carriage presented to Mrs. Lincoln by some of her admirers in New York has arrived in Washington. It cost \$1,500, and is much admired. Hewitt & Co. were the builders.

ALEXANDER FRASER, a policeman, was found dead at the corner of Bank and West streets, on the 23d, at three o'clock in the morning. His death was evidently the result of apoplexy. He was much respected.









FROST PARLOR IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

**MR. LINCOLN'S HOUSE.**

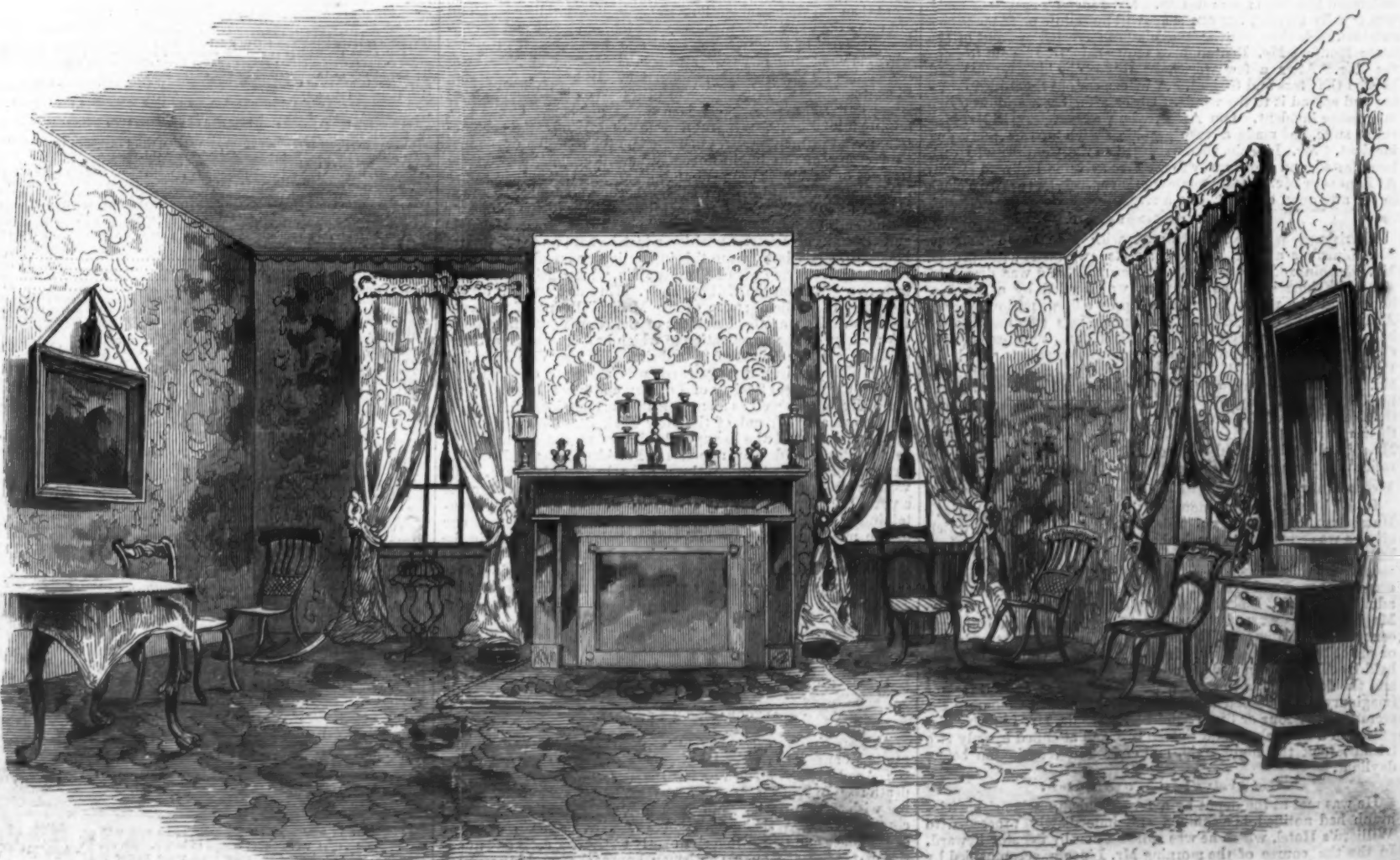
The house in which a man of mark dwells is, like his handwriting, interesting, as to a certain degree indicating his character. The sitting-room and parlor of Abraham Lincoln, in his house at Springfield, are, as the reader may observe, simply and plainly fitted up, but are not without indications of taste and refinement. They are the "leisure-rooms," as parlors might properly be called, of the great majority of Americans in comfortable circumstances in country towns, and will doubtless suggest to the reader many a pleasant hour passed in such apartments.

**THE PRESIDENT ELECT ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON.**

*The President Elect and Suite leave New York—His Arrival at Jersey City—At Newark—Ceremonies and Lunch at Trenton—Philadelphia—Hoists the National Flag on Washington's Birthday—Arrival at Harrisburg—The Secret Flight to Washington—Arrival there and Doings.*

On Thursday, the 21st Feb., at eight o'clock, Mr. Lincoln and suite left the Astor House and embarked on board the J. P. Jackson, ferryboat, which was neatly decorated with flags.

Dodworth's band was on board. Mr. Lincoln was received by Mr. A. A. Hardenburgh, President of the Jersey City Fathers, Mr. A. O. Zabriskie, and other distinguished Jerseymen. Mr. Woolsey had charge of the boat. In order to afford the distinguished passengers a view of our unrivalled Bay a short trip was made towards Governor's Island, it then was turned towards the Jersey City landing, and Mr. Lincoln and suite trod the soil of a State which is facetiously called out of the Union. We must not omit to add that the Cunard steamers Africa and Jura fired a salute of thirty-four guns, to welcome the new President to Jersey waters.



SITTING-ROOM IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



## His Arrival in Jersey City.

As Mr. Lincoln stepped upon the bridge he was respectfully received by Mayor Van Voorst, whose arm the President elect took and walked towards the platform. This was composed of a handsome freight car, carpeted and arranged with steps. When Mr. Lincoln reached the top he was received with long and hearty cheers. When these had subsided, Mayor Van Voorst briefly said, "I here extend to you, the President of the United States, the hospitalities of New Jersey." Mr. Lincoln made an equally laconic reply. Mr. Dayton, the Attorney-General, then came forward and made a much longer address, which Mr. Lincoln suitably acknowledged. Under the able guidance of Col. Ellsworth of the Chicago Zouaves, he was led to the cars, which were decorated, as was also the "happy" locomotive that had the honor of taking him on his road.

## Arrival at Newark.

The President elect having formally accepted the invitation of the Common Council of Newark to tarry a short time, all the inhabitants of this fine city were on the *qui vive* at a very early hour. It had been arranged that he should be received at the Morris Depot, where Mr. Lincoln was conducted by Hon. Mr. Dayton to the Ladies' Waiting Room. Mayor Bielow made a few pithy remarks, to which Mr. Lincoln replied in his usual manner. He was then conducted to a barouche drawn by four splendid horses, Mr. Dayton, Alderman Cleaver and Mayor Bigelow riding in the carriage with him. The procession was made up of numerous other carriages, and headed by one hundred horsemen, which had a very fine effect. The scene in Broad street was very imposing, there being not less than twenty-five thousand persons present. The windows were crowded with Jersey beauty, "whose bright eyes rained influence, and adjudged the prize." After more cheers and more waving of cambric, the President and suite embarked in the cars, and sped on once more. Elizabeth City and New Brunswick City were passed, and at twelve o'clock the Presidential party reached

## Trenton.

Mr. Lincoln was here met by Mayor Miles and the Common Council, and heard from the lips of the former the usual speech of welcome. The President was then escorted to an open barouche, and, accompanied by Senator Cook, went to the State House. Here he was at once ushered into the Senate Chamber, where the Senate, State Officers, and all the *élite*, both male and female, were in waiting. Here also were found the Committee of Reception from Philadelphia. Mr. Lincoln took his stand in the middle aisle, when Mr. Edmund Perry, President of the Senate, made him a short address, which Mr. Lincoln acknowledged with an anecdote of his younger days. A slight collation was then partaken of, and Mrs. Lincoln and her friends, who had been the guests of Mr. Dayton, having rejoined her husband, the special train, amid much cheering, left Trenton, and at four o'clock reached

## Philadelphia.

Upon the arrival of the train at Kensington great bustle and disorder ensued. The policemen were admirably arrayed, and Colonel Bradford, the Marshal of the day, gave every necessary order, but there were so many to command that the President and his suite were soon entangled in inextricable confusion. It was with difficulty the party could be seated in their carriages. Again and again such men as Senator Dayton and Major Hunter were turned out of the carriages which they had entered, because those particular carriages were reserved for Judge Davis or Colonel Sumner, who were, in their turn, made to alight. The committeemen bustled about in great haste and more disorder, mixing up members of the suite with outsiders, giving them in charge of policemen, and insisting that men who had nothing whatever to do with the matter should get into the carriages. Mr. Lincoln was drawn by four fine white horses, and was proudly conspicuous. Upon his arrival at the Continental Hotel, Mr. Lincoln was conducted to the balcony, and introduced to Mayor Henry. Another speech was listened to, and another reply given. These done the hero of the day retired and held a levee.

## Washington's Birthday.

Mr. Lincoln, at seven o'clock, was escorted to the Hall of Independence, and received there by Theodore Cuyler, who welcomed him with much feeling. Mr. Lincoln's speech in reply was equally earnest, but our space will not allow us to make any extracts. He then went to the platform erected in front of the State House. Mr. Benton here requested Mr. Lincoln to raise the flag. After a few words, he threw off his overcoat and hoisted the Stars and Stripes. A breeze caught the folded bunting and spread it to the winds. Cheer after cheer followed this interesting incident. Our Artist, who was travelling in Mr. Lincoln's suite, has made a very graphic sketch of this interesting incident. Mr. Lincoln then returned to the Continental Hotel, breakfasted, and drove away to the Pennsylvania Railroad Depot. At Lancaster Mr. Lincoln made another speech, and at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 22d he arrived

## At Harrisburg.

Harrisburg was well decorated with banners to welcome Mr. Lincoln's advent, and the streets swarmed with people. Mr. Lincoln rode in a handsome barouche, and was drawn by six white horses. The procession was headed by a troop of horse, and the rear was brought up by a large military escort. Arriving at the Jones House, Mr. Lincoln was conducted to the balcony, round which were gathered an immense crowd. Governor Curtin welcomed him in a neat speech, to which the President elect replied. The procession then reformed, and Mr. Lincoln proceeded to the Capitol, where he occupied a seat beside Governor Curtin. Speaker Palmer, of the Senate, and Speaker Davis, of the House, then were introduced, and made their respective oration, which, of course, drew a reply from Mr. Lincoln, who retired then to the hotel. At eight o'clock he retired for the night, intending to start for Baltimore next day.

## From Harrisburg to Washington—The Secret Flight.

It had been publicly announced that Mr. Lincoln would leave Harrisburg on Saturday morning, and stop at Baltimore, which city he was expected to reach about one o'clock in the afternoon, but it appears that about an hour after Mr. Lincoln had retired, a special messenger came on in all haste from Washington, and demanded to see the President. After some hesitation he was admitted to Mr. Lincoln in *dishabille*, and our stalwart Chief Magistrate was warned that a plot to assassinate him had been concocted in Baltimore, but whether by railroad slaughter, dagger or pistol has not been ascertained. A hurried consultation was held by Mr. Lincoln and his advisers, including his better half, and the decision was to steal a march upon the enemy, real or imaginary, and proceed at once to Washington. Confiding the secret to only four or five confidential friends, Mr. Lincoln, disguised in a huge cloak and Scotch cap, and attended by only two friends, took the night train, and arrived in Washington before daylight.

## His Arrival in Washington.

He was met at the depot by a few friends, to whom the telegraph had notified his coming, and immediately proceeded to Willard's Hotel, where he was called upon by Senator Seward. In the course of the morning Mr. Lincoln, accompanied by Mr. Seward, paid a visit to Mr. Buchanan, who received him with great cordiality. He was also introduced to Mr. Buchanan's

Cabinet, which happened to be in session. In the course of the day he saw General Scott, and a host of public men, including the Peace Congress. In the evening Mrs. Lincoln and the rest of the party arrived, and took up their quarters at Willard's. On Sunday the President was taken to church by Senator Seward, and he afterwards dined with Seward and Mr. Hamlin.

## JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D., LL.D., &amp;c.

We have delayed until now to present to our readers a sketch of our old and valued friend, the late Dr. John W. Francis, in order that we might be able to prepare from the only existing imperial photograph, by Brady (the last portrait of him ever taken), now in the possession of Dr. J. Marion Sims, the most lifelike representation that time and artistic skill could produce; and also to collect interesting material, much of which will be found for the first time in the following sketch.

This versatile, gifted and truly great and good man peacefully departed this life, after an illness of nine weeks, on the morning of February 8, 1861, at his residence in East Sixteenth street, which he had occupied but a few months. Dr. Francis and his old home, "No. 1 Bond street," form prominent historic points in the annals of New York. Here was to be found all that was genial and gifted in the social world; here, for more than forty years, literature, science, art, the drama, philosophy, philanthropy and good fellowship met a warm hand clasp and heart welcome. To-day, alas! their glory is departed; but their memory will be cherished in innumerable loving hearts, and preserved to coming generations in the inspiration of words, canvas, bronze and marble.

Dr. Francis occupied a peculiar position, and his name, like those of Franklin and Rush in their day, called up a thronging tide of suggestions universally interesting, whenever pronounced, such as no other name, and all other names could scarcely awaken. He was the great exponent and orator of his immediate profession, and leaves his place vacant in these respects.

Dr. Francis was born in New York in 1789. His paternal ancestors lived in the historic old town of Nuremberg in Bavaria, and his mother's family were from Bern in Switzerland. His father died when he was but six years old, and he was left to the sole care of his mother, a native of Philadelphia.

When a mere child he was remarkable for his studious and refined tastes, and was never known to have fired a gun at any living object, although possessed of unquestionable courage and great positiveness of character. At an early age he was placed in a printing office in this city. Here he employed his leisure time in study, and gave proof of his great mental activity and capacity. His mother early understood and appreciated the genius of her son, and gave such attention to his preparatory education that he entered an advanced class in Columbia College, from which he received the degree of Bachelor in 1809, and of Master of Arts in 1812; having, while an under-graduate, pursued the study of medicine under Dr. Hosack, and received in 1811 the first degree of Doctor in Medicine ever conferred by the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. Dr. Hosack, at that time one of the leading physicians of the city, was so much impressed with the promise of young Francis that he immediately offered him a professional partnership, which continued until 1820. He was appointed Professor of Materia Medica in the newly organized College of Physicians and Surgeons, by the Regents of the University, when twenty-three years of age, and delivered his first course of lectures to a class of one hundred and twenty students. Shortly after this he repaired to London, where he studied under Abernethy, and attended the lectures of Brande, Pearson and other celebrated teachers of that time. He travelled in Ireland, Scotland, France and Holland, and became acquainted with Brewster, Gall, Denon, Cuvier, Sir Walter Scott, Byron and many other distinguished men, with many of whom he formed lasting friendships.

On his return to New York he resumed his professorship, to which was afterwards added that of Medical Jurisprudence and of Obstetrics. In 1826 the whole faculty resigned to found the Rutgers Medical School, where he filled the chairs of Obstetrics and Forensic Medicine. After a successful career of four terms this institution was closed by the Legislature, when Dr. Francis devoted himself exclusively to the practice of his profession. He was one of the founders of the New York Historical Society, and contributed more than ten thousand dollars towards its establishment, and did more than any other man to insure its popularity and permanence. Most of the great hospitals and benevolent institutions which have become marked features in the history of New York were aided by him in their organization. In him Dr. J. Marion Sims, the founder of the New York State Woman's Hospital, the latest and most remarkable benevolent enterprise of the age, found an intelligent, powerful and untiring friend. His characteristic and brilliant address delivered on the occasion of the first anniversary of this institution, February 9th, 1856, was a masterpiece of learning, argument and impassioned eloquence, which immediately placed its future success beyond all doubt. He was chosen first President of the Medical Board of the Woman's Hospital, in connection with Drs. Sims, Mott, Stevens, Delafield and Green as associates, a position which he held up to the time of his death. His last visit to this institution was made in November last, in company with Lady Franklin, where their names may be seen together on the visitor's book. He was President of the Academy of Medicine; also of the Medical Board of Bellevue Hospital. He was also President of the New York Phrenological Society, on the organization of which he delivered an address, and was a warm friend of Spurzheim. He was Vice President of the Ethnological Society, and was associate of the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society of London, and other learned societies of Europe, as well as many scientific associations of America. He was an active friend of the New York State Inebriate Asylum, and delivered the inaugural address at the laying of the corner stone, and was appointed President of the Board of Trustees of this institution three days before his death. His various written productions on almost every subject have become a part of the literary history of the times, and his library, containing many thousand volumes of books and pamphlets, is one of the most valuable, rare and curious private collections in the country (for a description of which see Wynne's Private Libraries of New York). His extensive correspondence will doubtless find a fitting editor among his numerous literary friends.

John W. Francis.

## AUTOGRAPH OF DR. FRANCIS.

As a specimen of Dr. Francis's remarkable memory, we will quote an anecdote related by Dr. Sims in his late address before the Academy of Medicine, on the occasion of Dr. Francis's death: "In August, 1857," said Dr. Sims, "as I was journeying with him up the Hudson River, we passed the beautiful country seat of Washington Irving. As Dr. Francis was gazing at the place and descending eloquently on the character and qualities of that great man, a gentleman approached and interrupted our conversation. 'I believe this is Dr. Francis,' said he. 'Yes, sir,' he replied, calling him by name, 'this is Dr. Francis, and

I remember you very well. The last time I saw you was on the 14th of November, twenty-seven years ago, when we parted in the hall of 47 Warren street, at half-past eight in the evening; and I have always thought that, had it not been for the change in your brother's treatment by the new consultation that you called, he might have been a living man to-day.'"

There are in existence two busts in plaster of Dr. Francis by Coffee and Weimer, the latter, full size, is in the possession of the New York Historical Society. He was painted by Leslie, in England, in 1816, and by Rembrandt Peale about thirty years ago; also by C. L. Elliott for the Historical Society about ten years since, and by Wenzler, in 1858, for the Bellevue Hospital. There are also extant three different steel engravings, taken at different periods of his life; the last, from a photograph by Brady, executed by Jackman, and just published, is the largest single head ever engraved on steel in this country. Among the proposed honors to the memory of Dr. Francis are the painting of a grand portrait, to be placed in the Woman's Hospital, also the organization of a ward to bear his name, and a statue in marble or bronze for the same institution, which was the "Benjamin" of his old age, and which he had hoped to have have lived long enough to have seen completed.

The very last of the distinguished persons with whom he formed an acquaintance and friendship was Lady Franklin, whom he accompanied on visits to Rutgers Institute (where he made a touching address to the pupils), to the old Stuyvesant pear tree, and to the Historical Society; and that lady, among other historical relics, was especially gratified at the sight of a knee of the vessel in which Captain Cook made his first voyage around the world, now in the possession of Dr. Francis's family.

Dr. Francis leaves a wife and two sons and an adopted daughter. Mrs. Francis was a daughter of Sheriff Cutler, of Boston, and is a descendant of Sir Jervis Cutler of England, and is a sister of Rev. Dr. Cutler of Brooklyn. She is a grand-niece of General Francis Marion, and related to the celebrated Charlotte Corday. Her mother was a friend of General Washington and of many of the distinguished heroes of the Revolution, by whom she was highly esteemed. General Sullivan wrote a brilliant sketch of her, which is now in the possession of Mrs. Francis, and which has never been published, although strenuous efforts were made to obtain it by the late Dr. Griswold for his "Republican Court." Mrs. Francis's two sisters married, the one the well-known banker, Samuel Ward, and was the mother of Mrs. S. G. Howe, of Boston, and of Mrs. Crawford, the widow of the eminent sculptor; and the other Judge McAllister, of California, whose recent decision in the great "Almaden Quicksilver Claim" has settled a matter involving many millions per annum.

Dr. Francis lost his eldest son, John W. Francis, Jun., a most gifted and promising young physician, about six years since. This struck a blow to the good doctor, from which he never recovered. The surviving sons, Drs. Valentine Mott and Samuel W. Francis, are both married, and promise to do honor to the profession in which their father became so eminent. Miss Susan Cutler Francis, the adopted daughter of the Doctor, is a niece of Mrs. Francis. A brother of the Doctor, Henry M. Francis, who was accidentally killed some years since in this city, was distinguished for medical and legal learning, and was one of the best Theological and Hebrew scholars in the country.

The Academy of Medicine have appointed Dr. Valentine Mott to prepare a suitable memorial of its Ex-President, to be read before its members; and Dr. A. K. Gardner performed the same duty before the Medico-Chirurgical College, Feb. 28th.

\* See Lossing's "Life of Marion."

## OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. M. T., New York City.—You will find your question answered below.  
A PROFESSIONAL.—You will see that we have attended to the matter of your communication further on.  
J. M. C., Baltimore, Md.—It is clearly a tie.  
L. M. B., Philadelphia.—We are not aware that the Excelsior Club has made any official reply.

## THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

A PRIZE FOR AMATEUR PLAYERS.—A great deal of interest has been created among amateurs of billiards by the prize recently offered by Messrs. Phelan & Collender, for the four players who shall make the longest run at each of the following games respectively: The ordinary American four ball game, the four ball carom game, the three ball French carom game and the carom pool game. The prize is a first-class billiard table, manufactured by Phelan & Collender, and only amateurs are allowed to contend for it, in accordance with the following arrangement:

The player who shall make the longest run at the ordinary American four ball game, around the table, on tables at Phelan's establishment, corner of Broadway and Tenth street, within the period of seven months from 15th February, 1861; the player (not being the foregoing) who shall make the longest run at the ordinary four ball carom game within the same period and in the same place; the player (not being either of the above) who shall make the longest run at the three-ball French carom game, same period and place; and the player (not being any of the above) who shall make the longest run at the carom pool game, same period and place.

To contend at any of the above named games as they themselves shall agree upon, and the winner to take the prize.  
The four ball carom games shall be played on a full size table. The runs to be bona fide, and made in the course of legitimate play.  
Gentlemen desiring to contend for the above prize, will be required to give notice to the undersigned, or those in charge of the establishment, before commencing their play.

In cases where, at the termination of a game, the winner has made a run of over 100 points at the four ball game and the four ball carom game, or over half the game at the French carom game, he shall be at liberty to continue and play out his run free of charge.  
The final contest between the four players making the longest runs in the above games to take place within thirty days after the expiration of the above-named period, and in Phelan's establishment, corner of Broadway and Tenth street.  
A number of gentlemen are already hard at work "running" for the prize, and considerable excitement is daily exhibited to know the state of the bulletin. Up to the 26th ult. the bulletin stood thus:

Four ball carom game ..... 65  
Around the table ..... 61  
Three ball French game ..... 58  
Carom pool ..... 55  
As this latter game is a novelty in the way of billiard amusement, we place the rules by which it is regulated before our readers, who, we have no doubt, will receive with pleasure any addition to their brilliant enjoyment, and every new variation and development of the noble game.

RULES FOR THE GAME OF CAROM POOL.  
The order of play is determined by throwing the small numbered balls, as in other pool.  
The player getting ball No. 1 commences by placing three balls on the table, in any position he may think proper, below the deep red spot. The one ball is then to be played from within the string, and all caroms made according to the rules of the four ball carom game will be counted.  
The player having ball No. 3 commences when No. 1 has concluded, and places the balls and plays in accordance with the foregoing rule. No. 3 follows No. 2, and so on, in rotation.  
Each player has two innings, No. 1 commencing his second inning when the last player has finished his first, and the sum of the points made in both innings constitutes the player's score for the game.

THE TOURNAMENT FOR PROFESSIONAL PLAYERS.—In reply to numerous inquiries, we would state the arrangements for the Annual National Billiard Tournament, which is to take place in June next, are progressing. The prize table will soon be ready for the inspection of the public. It has been suggested to us, in one of the many communications we have received with regard to this tournament, and which want of space alone prevents our publishing in full, that the proceeds of admissions, deducting expenses, be either divided among the contestants or put up in additional prizes, as the players themselves shall decide. We think the suggestion a good one, and, as far as we are concerned, approve of its adoption. We request all players intending to contend for the prizes on this occasion, to communicate with us at an early period as possible, that we may be able to judge the extent of the arrangements necessary, as we intend to hire the largest hall that can be procured in the city for the purposes of the tournament, if the number of entries should be such as to warrant it. The greater the amount of talent that can be assembled on the occasion the more attractive it will be to the general public, and the better for the players, by giving each of them a share of the excess over the outlay, which would pay their travelling expenses, or affording them additional prizes to contend for, according as they themselves shall decide.

MR. BERGER'S MOVEMENTS.—During the week ending 16th February, M. Berger gave his regular public exhibitions in New Orleans, and also three private exhibitions before the Pelican, the Boston and the French Clubs. On the 17th and 18th he gave two exhibitions in the French part of the city. On the 19th, M. Berger went to Mobile, whither his agent, Mr. Geary, had preceded him. M. B. proposed giving three exhibitions in Mobile. His first exhibition in that city took place on the 26th, and was well attended. After giving two more public exhibitions, and a private one before the Blenville Club, M. Berger was to return to New Orleans, where there is a probability of his remaining some time. It seems M. Berger has done pretty well financially, notwithstanding the political excitement in the Crescent city.

THE NEW YORK CLUB.—This club has moved to its new quarters, in one of the most splendid mansions in this city, situate on the corner of Fifteenth street and Fifth avenue. A new glass-roofed billiard-room has been built, and is beautifully arranged in every particular. Four tables of Phelan's (two pocket tables and two caroms) have been expressly manufactured for this club.

CURIOUSITY IN THE WAY OF EYE-DEAR.—An eye was seen to laugh the other day; curious, eyes were never heard to laugh. An eye was, at the same time, seen to speak; curious, also, that eyes were never heard to speak. An eye was seen to be crying; curious, eyes were never heard to cry. A young lady's eyes have often been observed to meet with tenderness towards the adored one; curious, he never was observed to catch the droppings.



# ERLE GOWER: OR, THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan.

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass,"  
"The Two Faces," &c., &c., &c.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

O shame! O guilt! O horror! O remorse!  
O punishment! Had Satan never fallen,  
Hell had been made for me.—Young.

VERY few of the Marquis of Chillingham's guests were acquainted with the cause of the commotion which followed the sudden outcry of Cyril Kingswood, and his subsequent fall, powerless, into his seat.

The commencement of a ball in private society, or a favorite and almost necessarily an exquisite aria in public, is unfortunately too frequently a signal for very active and audible conversation. In the higher circles of society, and especially in those which are their manners and customs, a musical performance is deemed apparently an excellent opportunity for confidential communications, elegantly spiteful criticisms of the private history of mutual friends, or eager discussions upon the merits and demerits of public men. The occasion is seized as a fitting one for the under-tone promulgation of scandal, of insinuations, shrugging of shoulders, elevating of eyebrows, and ominous shakes of the head; of buzzing chat; of all kinds of whisperings; of everything almost, save a commonly respectful attention to the performer.

The salon of the Marquis of Chillingham proved no exception to the usual course of proceedings; the conduct, therefore, of Cyril, and even the remarkable repetition of the last two lines of the song in another, sweeter voice—this long, thrilling, plaintive agony of the prolonged tones, as they trembled among the fretwork of the richly-ornamented and lofty ceiling—excited notice only in his immediate vicinity. To a few who did observe it, it was a complete enigma; while the number really acquainted with the cause was narrowed to three—Cyril himself, Lord Kingswood and Ismael.

As the latter rose up suddenly before Cyril and thrust him back, his eyes for an instant gleamed savagely upon Lord Kingswood, who shrank appalled; the next moment he disappeared, leaving his lordship afraid to move or to make a demonstration of any kind, that he might avoid in this distressing moment calling public attention to himself.

Not so Lady Kingswood. She lost all her rancorous emotions of anger and revenge in the feelings of a mother. Her quick eye caught sight of Cyril's sudden movement, her ready ear his words. Although they were strange to her, her woman's quickness of penetration enabled her to interpret them with a very close approximation to their right meaning. She instantly quitted her seat and twined her arm round her son's neck, and supported his pale, almost lifeless face upon her bosom.

The Marquis of Chillingham scarcely ever losing his presence of mind, and averse to scenes of any kind, glided to Lady Kingswood's side, and immediately passing his arm round Cyril's waist, he assisted him to quit the salon—not until he had motioned to Lord Kingswood with his hand to remain quietly in his seat for a short time and then to follow.

Lord Kingswood understood him. He bit his trembling upper-lip until the blood came. Any other man but the marquis to have conducted his wife and son from the hall he could have borne with equanimity, but his jealous suspicions once aroused, every movement of the marquis and Lady Kingswood, even of the commonest civility, disturbed him.

Nevertheless, he was judicious enough to perceive that the marquis suggested the most discreet course, and he remained in his seat, although his restless, inflamed eyes watched every movement of his wife and of the marquis until they disappeared. He then plunged into a distressing reverie, filled with hideous misgivings and distracting forebodings, from which he was aroused by a buzzing murmur of applause attending the conclusion of the ballad which had so seriously affected Cyril. Applause, indeed, bestowed chiefly by those who had not heard a note or a word of the song, and who declared the melody enchanting and the execution admirable.

Lord Kingswood, startled by the bustle which prevailed, looked wildly around him, and his eye caught sight of the face of Lady Maud turned towards him with a distressed and appealing look. He quitted his seat and approached her.

She rose up and took his arm.  
"I feel indisposed, my lord," she said, in a tremulous voice. "Will you favor me by taking me to Lady Kingswood? I shall be glad to be enabled to return home."

"And I," he almost groaned.

Lady Maud turned, made a slight bow to Carlton Stanhope, and hurried Lord Kingswood away, leaving Carlton in the middle of a high-flown speech. He looked disconcerted, and smothered down his moustaches reflectively.

His sister Beatrice leaned over to him and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Did you observe Mr. Gower?" she whispered.

"Yes," he replied, sharply.

"And the young, pale girl with him?" she added.

"Yes, he replied, laconically.

"What remark did Lady Maud make upon them as they passed?" she asked, with a slight tremor of anxiety in her voice.

"She made none," he answered.

"Not an observation?" she said, with surprise.

"Not a word. Why?" he rejoined.

"Nothing of importance," returned Beatrice, thoughtfully. "I fancied she would be struck by the remarkable appearance both presented and the very unusual mode they adopted of passing like royalty down the centre of the salon. Do you know the young—creature accompanying Mr. Gower?"

"No," responded Carlton, still playing thoughtfully with his moustache.

"I thought Mr. Gower was without friends?" she continued, with persistence, aiming at a certain point.

"So I believe," was the reply.

"He appears to have found some now, people apparently of position," she observed.

"Yes—yes," replied her brother, musingly.

"I don't believe you have heard a word I have said to you, Carlton," she exclaimed, pettishly.

"No—no—I don't think she is," he returned.

She shook her arm.

"Pray, of whom are you thinking?" she inquired, with a slight vexation in her tone.

He started.

"You were speaking of Lady Maud, were you not?" he asked, with some embarrassment.

"Of Mr. Gower," she replied, pettishly.

"True—but you did mention Lady Maud?" he returned.

"No," she replied, hastily.

"I thought you did," he rejoined. "By the way, Beatrice, tell me, don't you think Lady Maud is changed?"

"In what respect?" she inquired.

"In her manner," he replied. "I fancy she is colder—not haughtier—but more distant."

Beatrice smiled.

"She was always coy and reserved," she returned; "besides, you were a little exuberant in your attentions to her, and she is engaged, you know."

"Engaged!" exclaimed Carlton, with a sudden display of excitement.

"Yes, to one Mr. Philip Avon, of Hawkesbury, the descendant of an old Gloucestershire family," returned Beatrice, with a shy glance at his face.

"That accounts for her altered manner," observed Carlton, a flush rising to his cheek. "It is that she hates the engagement; she is sad, not cold—in fact, she absolutely wept when that dull song was sung a few minutes back."

Beatrice looked at him with some little surprise, and then said, in a meaning tone.

"Does Lady Maud know Mr. Gower?"

"What a preposterous question! No," he replied, readily.

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Quite. Beatrice, you grow ridiculous. How could Gower know Lady Maud?"

St. Clair?" he exclaimed almost derisively.

"Mr. Cyril Kingswood knew him, evidently intimately," she returned.

"True," he said, reflectively. "Yet I do not see—"

"Make the inquiry," she interposed, "before you form any conclusion, and—and—I think, if I were you, I would ascertain who that young person is that was with him—perhaps a new-found sister."

"It would be odd if he knew Lady Maud," muttered Carlton; "he was strangely silent about it if he does."

"You can easily ascertain that," she rejoined, pettishly. "Cyril Kingswood will himself tell you. Perhaps he will be able to give you some information respecting the young creature I alluded to just now. There is something so strange about her that—"

"She is the very proper creature to be Gower's sister," joined Carlton.

"He is a strange fellow enough, and always was so. But, Beatrice, what do you know of this Mr. Philip Avon?"

"A raw, country, gawky young squire," she returned; "at least, I expect so. He comes of an old-fashioned stock, has plenty of broad acres, and numerous dirty country notes."

"Dirty country notes!" repeated Carlton, with a laugh.

"Who ever saw a clean one?" she inquired, with a smile.

"While playing with our cousins, the Canningtons, in Buckinghamshire, that a rainy-day occurred, and I happened to pass through the hall where the tenants were paying the steward. The quantity of dirty notes in the course of collection was surprising. I suggested to cousin Cannington that he should permit his steward to wear gloves, and then he rather testily produced what he called a new note. Upon my word, it looked quite as dingy and unclean as the others. But to return to our subject. When you see Mr. Gower, you will be sure to ask him if his sister accompanied him here to-night, and whether he really is acquainted with Lady Maud?"

"I will, Beatrice; and I'll know something more of Mr. Philip Avon, too," he replied, with something like a setting of his teeth together.

They ceased speaking, because Sir Harris Stanhope, who had been engaged in conversation with a nobleman of high rank, returned to his daughter's side, and said,

"Has Mr. Gower made his appearance again?"

"No," she returned, smiling a slight yawn.

"Carlton, see if you can discover him," observed his father, addressing him.

"If you succeed, bring him here; I wish particularly to have a few words with him."

Carlton rose up and disappeared, and when he returned, declaring his inability to discover him, the hour was sufficiently late for them to retire.

In the meantime, Lord Kingswood conducted Lady Maud to his carriage, and brief as was the interval between Lady Kingswood's departure from the salon and his following her, she had made it sufficient to quit the mansion with Cyril, without waiting for his lordship to accompany them.

Notwithstanding many other serious matters of a kind to distract him, this perversity, and as he considered, reckless conduct on the part of Lady Kingswood, enraged Lord Kingswood beyond description. What was personal to himself, he, like most others of his kind, thought and believed the world took notice of and talked about. It is more than probable that the conduct of Lady Kingswood, her sullen vindictiveness, her reprehensible flirtation, and her utter disregard of his feelings, would not have affected him at all, or but in a very slight degree, but for this impression. So long as the world observed and talked, so long every departure of hers from the strict regularity by which society is very properly governed wounded him acutely—not with grief, but rage. He felt the pangs of wounded pride, not of a wounded heart—the emotions of shame and contumely, not those keen bitterness which spring from abused and outraged love.

He sat, morose and silent, with Lady Maud in the carriage, as it whirled them at a furious pace to their residence, and he briefly bade her good-night on parting with her. It had been his intention to send her to Lady Kingswood, with a request to attend him in his library before she retired for the night, but he feared to face her ladyship, feared to be paralysed by her questions respecting the paternity of Erle Gower. For though he would not under ordinary circumstances hesitate to disavow him, he felt that he was known to Lady Kingswood under extraordinary circumstances, and that with regard to him he stood upon a volcano, which at any moment might vomit forth fiery annihilation.

When he quitted England, after the birth of Erle, he had, as he told Ismael, placed at a banker's a sum to purchase an annuity for Erle's mother, and he presumed it had been done. Of her he had heard nothing since, until Ismael, like a spirit of wrath and evil, appeared before him. He had now to learn whether she yet existed. If she did, and Ismael had spoken the truth, he was a bigamist, and equally amenable to the laws with the commonest individual in the realm.

It was the knowledge of this which crippled his action with Lady Kingswood. He could enter into no explanation with her. To make "a clean breast of it" to her would be to eliminate the mischief. She was in some degree manageable, so long as uncertainty hung over her suspicions; but once make her wrongs patent to her, only give to her the proof that she had been deceived and wronged, and he could form no conception to what frantic actions her ideas of avenging herself would hurry her.

He was forced, therefore, with respect to her, to adopt a "masterly inaction," pleasant though it might be, and with respect to Erle and his mother, to leave no stone unturned to know the worst. As soon as he had conquered this information, then it would be the moment to face his difficulties boldly—grapple with them and subdue them, or perish in the struggle.

He had, up to the present moment, no doubt that Erle Gower was his son. Strive as he would to believe that he was some impostor forced upon him merely to serve the purposes of Ismael, there were too many coincidental circumstances attending his sojourn at Kingswood Hall to confirm the truth of his enemy's assertion for him to entertain any other conviction.

Yet, notwithstanding those coincidences, that conviction was about to be shaken in a very rude way. On entering his study, he perceived his valet Pharissee, with a face as white as marble, standing like a phantom by a tall bookcase, which he held firmly with one hand.

Lord Kingswood almost touched him before he saw him, and then he started back for the moment alarmed. He, however, immediately recognised him, and said, sternly,

"Is it you, Pharissee? You have angered me—much angered me, by your gross neglect of your duty this evening. But I am not now in the mood to speak with you; to-morrow you shall be in full possession of my views regarding your most improper and most unusual absence. Go, leave me; I shall not require your services, nor shall I further speak with you to-night."

"But miss' sp'k 'th you 't'night, tho' m'lor," hiccupped Pharissee, in a thick and almost inarticulate tone of voice.

Lord Kingswood's brows contracted; he looked at Pharissee as he averted to and fro with an air of bewildered astonishment. He had never seen the man at any time during his period of service under the influence of wine or spirit; he was therefore amazed, and inexpressibly disgusted, to find him absolutely, and almost helplessly, intoxicated.

His lordship strode across the room to the bell, but before he could place his hand upon it, Pharissee made a dart from the spot where he had been standing, and lunged down upon his knees by the side of the bell handle, he laid both hands upon it.

Lord Kingswood stepped back wrathfully, but ere he could speak, Pharissee exclaimed,

"Don't ring bell, m'lor; mos' import'nt news a tell you. Jas' one mom'nt, m'lor."

Lord Kingswood turned disdainfully from him, and approached another bell situated in a different part of the apartment. Pharissee, however, crawled after him on his hands and knees.

"Hear me, m'lor!" he cried, making desperate exertions to speak more distinctly. "Miss' Gower not y'r son, not y'r son, not y'r son 'll swear it."

These words, which his lordship instantly interpreted correctly, made him start.

"How, fellow! what do you mean?" he cried, turning back. "Mr Gower not my son; who had the audacity to say he was?"

"One mom'nt, m'lor," returned Pharissee, trying to raise himself from the floor, but falling helplessly across a chair; "I've seen ol' man 't'night knows all—everything; wher' Gower born, wher' Gower school, who he is, what he is, everything—all 'bout 'im."

"How is this?" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with extended eyes. "Are you mad as well as drunk?"

"No drunk, m'lor. No drunk, m'lor, but drugged—drugged," responded Pharissee; "but me take 'n' ant'dote; better presen'y, tell you all."

"Drugged!" echoed Lord Kingswood. "By whom?"

"Ol' man. Ol' man," hiccupped Pharissee, "gagge to meet me tell m' all. Did tell me, but drug me too."

"Why should he drug you?" inquired Lord Kingswood, strangely interested by the confused and incoherent expressions Pharissee let fall.

"D'now, d'now," said Pharissee, shaking his head. "Find that out. But, m'lor, oblige me some sand'koln—sand'koln."

Lord Kingswood regarded him earnestly for a minute, and then proceeding to a drawer in his library table, produced a bottle of eau de cologne. Pharissee staggered to the table, and poured some into a tumbler of water, which he drank off. He then saturated his handkerchief with it, and bound it round his temples, and then sat down with his face buried in his hands for a few minutes. Lord Kingswood surveyed him all the time with an expression of doubt, expectation and wonder marked upon his features.

Presently Pharissee rose up and said, in an altered tone of voice,

"I am better, m'lor. I am aware y'r lordship is angry with me for m' absence, but accident threw me some little time since into society of an ol' man standing at a door in Eaton-square."

"A stranger to you?" inquired Lord Kingswood.

"A stranger," responded Pharissee, still speaking thickly, although it was evident that he was rapidly recovering from the effects of the potations in which he had indulged. But his face seemed to grow ghastlier and paler each moment. He drew a long breath, and then proceeded, each moment more distinctly articulating his words. "I had observed Mr. Gower and a beautiful young girl enter the house—"

"There did, my lord: a tall, pale-faced gentleman, habited in deep mourning," replied Pharissee.

"The same. Proceed, Pharissee," remarked his lordship, adopting a milder tone than he had previously addressed to him. "You know the house which they entered?"

"I do, my lord," replied Pharissee. "I marked it down. At this door stood an old man, who seemed to be watching those who entered as sharply as myself. A few words passed between us; he mentioned your name, that of Mr. Gower, knew me, and in a minute or two gave me to understand that he was in possession of secrets he would gladly have communicated to you. Doubting his absence to keep it. I sat alone with him in his room, and he introduced some hot liquor. I consented to take some, because I could see that he would drink too, and I thought it would make him inquisitive and communicative, and—"

"What did you extract from him?"

"That he, my lord, was acquainted with the history of Mr. Gower and his origin. He told me, my lord, that—that a child—not Lady Kingswood's, my lord—that a child was born you—and—"

"Go on, man; why do you pause now?" cried Lord Kingswood, with excited eagerness.

"My lord, I feel faintly faint," murmured Pharissee, gasping as though he were about to expire.

Lord Kingswood shook him fiercely and savagely.

"Go on," he exclaimed between his teeth. "Tell me what you heard, all—I must know all."

"He said," gasped Pharissee, "that Mr. Gower was not that child; that the child was reported dead, but that it did not die, and—oh, I am dying!"

Lord Kingswood clutched him by wrist and collar, and cried,

"Proceed, Pharissee. What more, what more?"

His rough usage seemed to keep the ghastly man from fainting, and he murmured,

"The child was—was—a girl."

"A girl!" cried Lord Kingswood. "Folly, absurdity, madness!"

"The man declares," muttered Pharissee, faintly, "that he is in possession of all the necessary proofs and particulars, and at any specified time he can produce them. Water—my lord, water!"

Lord Kingswood hurriedly gave him some of the water which contained eau de cologne in it, and after drinking he appeared to revive a little.

"What became of the child—this girl?" asked Lord Kingswood, with an expression of doubt upon his face.

"She was carried away, and brought up near to Kingswood Hall, my lord," answered Pharissee, in a scarcely audible voice.

"Near to Kingswood Hall?" iterated Lord Kingswood. "What place—what part—where?" he interrogated quickly.

"Within the Chase," replied Pharissee, speaking with difficulty.

"The Chase! the Chase!" repeated Lord Kingswood, his thoughts running over the names of various servants settled on certain portions of the Chase which were cleared, although they still bore the name. "It is impossible—I should certainly have heard of her if this story were true."

"You have, my lord," rejoined Pharissee, turning his hollow spectral eyes upon him.

"Heard of her—under what name?" cried his lordship, eagerly.

"The WIDOW OF KINGSWOOD CHASE!" replied Pharissee, in a species of unearthly whisper.

Had he levelled a lance and thrust it through the heart of Lord Kingswood, he could hardly have inflicted a more terrible shock upon him. He staggered back and clasped at the table for support. He placed his hand upon his breast and he groaned aloud.

He turned to Pharissee, and he said, in tones hardly distinct from the emotion he suffered—

"This cannot be true. It is a wild, improbable, frantic fiction. How could this man know what became of the child whose existence has only recently been a matter of dispute?"

"How, my lord, should he have known that Kingswood Chase had its Widen, and that it was a woman?" returned Pharissee, in weak tones. "How should he have known any part of the story?" He said, my lord, he knows all, and that strange Spectre of the Chase, which the gamekeeper, and the assistants and woodmen all speak to having seen, is no spectre at all, but the true, brooding, living child of which he spoke, and your daughter."

Lord Kingswood closed his eyes, and his lips grew white and trembling.

"Her child the omen of my downfall and my death! Her child—to be—the—Cyril—Cyril. Oh, my God! I feel thy vengeance now."

Pharissee, unable longer, from faintness and exhaustion, to sustain the interview, tottered with noiseless step from the apartment, and when Lord Kingswood looked up once more, he was alone.

He uttered a despairing cry, and burying his hands in his hair, flung himself, in a paroxysm of intense mental torture, upon a couch.

(To be continued.)

## HUMOROUS CLEANINGS.

"Well, our friend Jones has received an awful blow," said Smith to Brown, in the street, as they met and shook hands.

"How?" quoth Brown.

"Why, he's been struck," replied Smith, "awfully struck."

"With what?" asked Brown, excitedly.

"Why, he's been struck with a dumb-bell," said Smith.

"Goodness gracious! you alarm me," said Brown. "Why, he was only married this morning to a beautiful girl, who has the misfortune to be unable to speak."

"Why, that's what I refer to," said Smith. "Don't you see that the man who falls in love with a girl that cannot speak is struck with a dumb bell?"

It is a misfortune for a man to have a crooked nose, for he has to follow it.

We suppose that there is quite as large an amount of craft upon the land as there is upon the water.

An Irishman tells of a fight in which there was but one whole nose left in the crowd, and that belonged to the tay-kettle.

When a man wants money, or assistance, the world, as a rule, is very obliging and indulgent, and—lets him wait it.

A wag being asked the name of the inventor of butter-stamps, replied that it was probably Cadmus, as he first brought letters into Greece.

Those who would enjoy good eating should keep good-natured; an angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrella.

Molly was telling an absurd dream when her mistress broke in with "You must have been asleep when you dreamt such stuff as that!" "No, indeed, ma'am," she replied, tartly, "I was just as wide awake as I am this minute."

The extensive authority of parents under the Chinese laws is well known. A Chinese forty years old, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends. "Why do you weep?" "Alas, things are not as they used to be. The poor woman's arm grows feebler every day!"

Mike Moore, a valiant soldier of the line, became drunk and disorderly, and was sent to the guard-house. While there he was particularly noisy; and Lieutenant O'Grady ordered him to stop his noise. Mike, who imagined all the time that he was singing beautiful as any lark, exclaimed, "Och, that I should live to hear an O'Grady call Moore's melodies a noise!"

Domus (who is a jolly old bachelor) and a bright young lady acquaintance were bantering each other about marriage. "Oh," said she, "you'll get married one of these days, I know; and you'd have me now, if I would wait for you." "You'd have to wait until my second childhood, then," said Dobbs.

"Well, I shouldn't have long to wait," was the quick rejoinder from the lady.

A FRISK, proceeding to the chapel one Sunday morning through the burial-ground, observed several sprightly girls seated on a tombstone, and wishing to be jocular with them, asked what they were doing there. "Nothing at all, please yer reverence," was the reply of one of them. "Nothing!" said he.

"What is nothing?" "Shut yer eyes, your reverence," retorted one of the girls, "and you'll see it."

A LAWYER, on circuit, dropped a ten-pound note under the table, while playing cards at the inn. He did not discover his loss until he was going to bed, but then returned immediately. On reaching the room he was met by the waiter, who said,

"I know what you want, sir; you have lost something."

"Yes, I have lost a ten-pound note."

"Well, sir, I have found it, and here it is."

"Thanks, my good lad, here is a sovereign for you."

"No, sir, I want no reward for being honest; but," looking at him with a knowing grin, "wasn't it lucky that none of the gentlemen found it?"

The following colloquy took place between an American census taker and a native of Germany:

"Who lives here?"

"Yas."

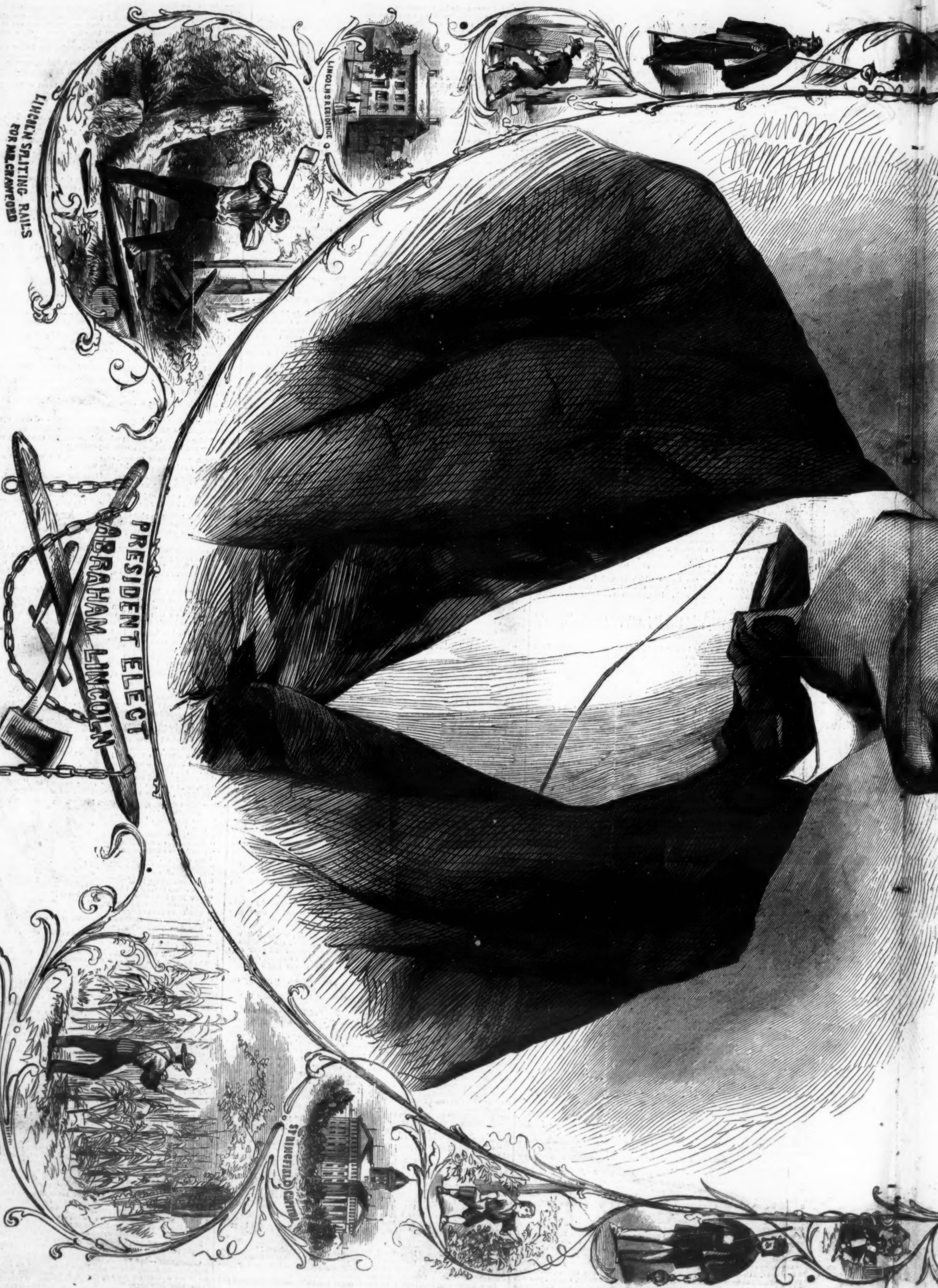
"What's your name?"

"Sharmy, on der Rhine."

"What's your father's name?"

"Nix for staw."





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## THE FAITHLESS PRIEST; OR, MY FIRST TEMPTATION.

By Carrie Hale.

## CHAPTER I.

My child life was never happy. There might have been something in the constitution I inherited from the mother who drooped and withered under the blighting influence, that seemed all too long in taking her away.

Extremes met when she consented to walk with my father down the rugged steep he was preparing for her. She could not mingle her gentle nature with his, coarse and rough as it was, and the constant effort to do so chafed and worried her, until her life-blood oozed from the wound it made and she rested from her labors.

It was strange she ever loved him—strange that the light of her affection did not go out under the chilling dampening influence he continually cast upon it—strange that she possessed such an influence over him when he would have scorned to own he was influenced by any.

My poor mother! she never knew a better love, and if she ever sighed for one more refined and more in sympathy with her own, God pity her, for she never revealed the longings of her heart to any but Him who seeth in secret.

I will not say I hated my father, but he was my perpetual torment. I always saw him come with pain and go with pleasure. My mother saw this, and it troubled her.

"Hush, child," she would say, if I uttered a word of dislike, "he meant nothing wrong; you do not understand your father."

"It was his fate," he said, to be a mere laborer, and miserable and envious he submitted to it, unwilling that his own children should rise above him; but my nature, like his, was wilful, and though I was silent I was determined. I longed to be something more than I was. I brooded over one idea perpetually; my hopes and my ambitions were all grounded upon it. I caressed and fondled it, and my every energy was directed toward its accomplishment. Upon this I lived, extracting all the sweetness that made life desirable.

An earnest life can never be thoroughly miserable, no matter how unworthy the object light will shine upon and brighten it, though storm-clouds seem never so anxious to obscure it.

I must go to school—that must was imperative, and to that end I had carefully hoarded every penny of my scanty earnings, until ten bright and shining dollars were in my purse; a paltry sum, yet I was rich in its possession, for I had obtained it by miserly and long-continued effort, and for one term at least it would buy what I most desired.

I had attended the free school in our own district until my father, who was an inveterate opposer of all aspirations that extended beyond the sphere fate designed for us, thought my education quite sufficient.

Two miles away, our village pastor had taken a class of scholars, too far advanced for the public school and either too poor or too wild to be sent elsewhere. I was now fourteen, and I determined to make one masterly effort to interest my parents in my behalf; I was to convince them of all the advantages of a cultivated intellect and beg them to aid me. I thought it useless talking to my mother alone, for she always answered me with "Just as your father says, Ellen."

I had thought long over what I should say and how I should say it, and trembling, I began—

"Mother, if I could go next term—"

My mother looked up sadly as if she would say, "My child, why do you speak of it?" but her lips did not say it.

"Nonsense," replied my father, contemptuously. "There is no use in talking."

"Why not let her go if she wants to?" said John, my dark-eyed brother of fifteen, who persisted in saying what he pleased, in not feeling the oppressions of poverty and in thinking himself as good as anybody.

"There is no use in talking," rejoined my father, half angrily. "She knows enough for poor folks now."

"I don't know as it is any reason why we should never know anything if we are poor," answered John with a sneer.

"There is no use in talking, I tell you. Do you understand it?"

"Yes," replied John, bitterly. "I understand it's no use for us to talk about anything."

I tried to speak again, but the effort choked me; by brilliant speech was finished, my convincing arguments were ended, and thus I was always compelled to be silent regarding the objects dearest to my heart, and thus my best resolution vanished, leaving only their dismal ghosts to haunt me. Would I were the only one whose good intentions left only self-reproach to show they had ever been.

Between my mother and I there had been few words of sympathy. She never used expressions of endearment, my father was opposed to them. He said, "he wanted no dearing about him. It was all sham, and he detested shams," and I thought he had taught her the silence—taught her to dislike me, and it stimulated the cankerous dislike that was festering in my bosom—that sometimes would have crushed him to powder.

I worked on, persistent and determined, preparing for the coming term, though my wish seemed farther than ever from being fulfilled. It was a time of dense darkness before the purest gleam of sunlight my soul ever knew.

I remember the day as yesterday. It had been one of the warmest and sunniest of wearying August; the clouds hung heavy with rain, all day taunting us with promises of blessings they withheld; the pendant foliage looked too indolent to move in the dull air, that seemed only to oppress the more you breathed it, and father added to our home the gloom of his presence; he always cursed the days he could not work, and so did nothing but fret.

"Don't, William, don't talk so," my mother would say in her pleading way, as she went about her household work, pale and uncomplaining as a shadow.

I kept my chamber, my fingers busy with sewing, and my gloomy thoughts busier with other things.

My father would have denied me this luxury. "What is Ellen doing up-stairs all day?" I heard him ask.

"Footing, you might say, because the world don't go to suit her. Pity she hadn't one made for her special benefit."

I heard his heavy step coming toward the door, and then my mother's voice.

"Don't, William, don't let her be there if she wants to."

Ever since my mother had taught me to lip it at her knee, I had offered up to Heaven my evening prayer, and when I could see no longer, I knelt by the open window. Mine was the simple faith of childhood; I trusted confidently in whom I had believed; I asked undoubting, that, if it were best, my wish would be granted; yet I was too unhappy to weep; hope deferred had made my heart sick, and I went to bed only to wait for another miserable day.

I thought I did not sleep, but I was sure I dreamed; loving lips were pressed upon my forehead, and I heard my mother's voice murmur.

"My dear, dear child? what can I do to make her happier?"

I did not start least the vision should take to itself wings, but I opened my eyes and looked up. A fresh breeze parted the curtain; the moon, just emerging from a dark cloud, looked in; my mother was kneeling beside me, and from the depths of her soul's bitterness was asking that I might be kept from all the misery she had suffered; for herself she asked no deliverance from pain; she was willing to endure all that was appointed her here; but she prayed, if it were possible, "the cup might pass from her child."

She ceased, and bent over me with inexpressible tenderness; I felt her face wet with tears; I knew she loved me; I clasped her in my arms; I longed to tell her of all I had felt, but I could not speak now; I could only weep out my overflowing heart upon her bosom.

From that hour I understood and loved my mother better.

Oh, how many loving mothers let the hearts of their children yearn and ache for the sympathy and companionship they should find alone in a mother's love.

The following weeks were very happy. My mother had with woman's skill obtained the desired permission, and I was a student. Beautiful and shy as I was, I made no friends, but I needed none, for the one blessing of my home was, for the time, sufficient—the one who never wearied of the recital of each day's success or failure; the one who came to me nightly, after my father slept, to encourage me to constant effort, and to commit me to the care of "Him who doeth well."

Happy days go on swift-winged footsteps, and so the term had nearly finished; I had thus far stood highest in my class, and that

was my ambition; but to-day I could not study, my thoughts would go where they listed, though I forced my eyes upon my book. I was uneasy, and felt a nameless dread of something, but still I could not work.

The bell sounded; chance had never favored me, but it was too late to trust anything better.

"The subject of the lesson, Miss Bourne?"

I rose, hesitated, and sat down.

"Miss Bourne, you may rise."

"Give the subject of yesterday's lesson."

I was silent; I could not think of a word.

"Do you know anything about the lesson?" he asked impatiently.

"A little."

"What?"

"I don't know."

"Do you know anything?"

"Not much."

I waited for farther questioning, and then sat down again.

His searching eyes looked at me darkly from under his heavy eyebrows; his face was just a little flushed with anger, and his measured voice was full of contempt.

"Miss Bourne, your appearance to-day is disgraceful. You can be excused from this recitation and every other until such time as you can make a better one."

The class waited for me to go out; my face was burning with shame and vexation that all my efforts should end thus. I tried to please him, for my mother said,

"Make him interested in you, Ellen, and some good may come of it; he is such a kind man to those that try to help themselves; and my poor child needs some one to be kind to her."

But out of the hundred lessons I had recited he forgot the ninety-nine pronounced perfect; but for the one unlearned he despised me; he had treated me unjustly, and must be one of those stern souls who, seeing in themselves no flaw of human frailty, cannot make excuses for it in others. What would my mother say? I would let her know nothing of it; that was simply impossible; never could I deceive the one I loved, and whose heart felt instinctively the feelings of my own.

The dry autumn leaves rattled hollow beneath my feet as I ruthlessly trampled them down—poor withered remnants of summer's beauty; but I heeded them no more than the unfeeling November wind that was forcing away the few that still clung to the boughs that had cherished them in the spring-time of their loveliness.

But my reverie was interrupted—the little brown house was in sight; the gate swung lazily on its hinges, and there were the track of wheels. Who could have been there? I was not long wondering; there was the chaise; I knew it well; how many times I had watched it go by and asked myself who was sick and suffering; but why was it here? My father was sick, perhaps, and dying; a fierce gleam of pleasure flashed through me as I thought my mother and I will be happier without him, and then went out in one of self-reproach and sorrow. I looked up; he was standing in the door, his head leaning against it, and on his face an expression of the most intense anguish.

He suddenly started and went in.

"Doctor, can't you save her?" he asked.

"She has worked too hard for the last time," replied the doctor, in his cool way. "She is worn out, Mr. Bourne," he added, with sudden energy. "She needs rest, and she will have it—a long rest, from which no one shall disturb her. I tell you women are killed every day, like this, with nothing but overwork, and men know nothing of it until they are gone."

My father looked unutterable despair, as he began,

"Doctor, she must not die; I cannot live without her." Then looking up, he saw me.

"See what comes of your school going," he muttered between his clenched teeth, as he raised his hand to strike me, and then let it fall, as though it were powerless to do what it would, and turned and went out.

"Come in, child, and see your mother," said the doctor, kindly. "Can you do as I bid you? Your father can do nothing. She is sleeping now; her fainting fits will probably return; do not be frightened; everything depends upon you; I would stay if I could, but I must leave you."

He gave directions, with another injunction to be careful, and went away.

I watched her like one in a dream. Mother had often been sick; she was always pale, scarcely paler now than when I left her in the morning. The doctor must be mistaken; she breathed calm and still, and she looked so sweet and peaceful it could not be she would die.

At length a gleam of consciousness returned. "Are you up so early, Ellen?" she asked. "Is it time to get breakfast? Ellen, you will make yourself sick with studying. Where is William? I feel strangely. Tell him to come; I want him."

My father was sitting in the next room, his elbow resting on his knee, and his face covered with his hand, apparently stupefied by his grief; but his quick ear caught the sound of her voice, when all other sounds would have failed to arouse him.

"William, is it you?" she asked, as she heard his step, and she reached out her hand toward him.

"Mary, my Mary," he repeated, with infinite tenderness, "what? Darling, what is it?"

She did not answer. To her the world was again a sealed book. He lifted her up in his arms; he kissed her again and again, and laid his face fondly against hers; he begged her to speak to him once more—to tell him she forgave him for ever treating her unkindly; then he laid her back upon the pillow, answered only by the silence of death, and bowing his head, he sobbed like a child.

After that I liked my father; he was not without feeling. I knew now the truth of my mother's words, "You do not understand your father."

There was love and tenderness sleeping in his deep heart, of which I had no conception. It was a weakness, he thought, to show it; but he had loved my mother in her girlhood, and through all changes he had loved her; selfishly, it is true, but loved her and her alone. Others might have doubted it, but her faithful heart never. She lived for that love, and I would live for it too. There was a bond of sympathy between us now.

Days followed—who does not remember such days?—when all the sorrow and pain of this world mingles with the peaceful spiritual influences of the other; when friends and even strangers look the sympathizing kindness they whisper softly, or do not speak; when a pale sick face is ever before us, and low moans are in our ears, and joyous smiles and harsh words are alike banished from the house; when no creaking doors tell of those that come and go, and everything seems strange as death itself.

After the first burst of frenzy was over my father was transformed into the tenderness of nurses; nothing could tempt him from his loving watch. If he had been always thus he might have saved her; but I will not blame him, for so we all forget to cherish the good we have in our morbid longings for more.

The thought of her death was as far from him as from me. She had lived so patiently, we both forgot she had reason to complain. She was often ill, but she always said, "This is nothing for me; after a few days of rest I shall be up again." And it was so until we looked upon it as a matter of certainty, and though she did not say it now, I had never seen her more sweet and peaceful. "It is because father is so kind," I thought, "she will be well soon, and we shall all be happier."

Vain dream! delusive as earth's brightest.

Dying summer was smiling its last smile, beautiful as those God gives to children just before he calls them home.

"Open the window," said my mother, "and let me breathe the pure air, and push back the curtain that I may see my rose again."

My father debated this, but in a moment of weakness he had given this little love token to my mother, who had guarded it tenderly as an infant, and though afterwards he sneered at it, and treated it despectfully, and said, "It was a shame for poor folks like us to spend so much time upon so foolish a thing," he had never taken it away.

It nearly filled the little window, and was heavily laden with the most luxuriant blossoms, whose pure whiteness was relieved by the slightest blush. A fresh breeze moved its boughs in playful dalliance, and filled the room with a perfume as exquisite as the breath of angels.

By the bedside sat Mr. Wells, not the stern man I had known him in school, but pale and priestly, and with a voice as subdued and lovely as if spoken in the presence of Divinity itself.

Father had no sympathy with religion or its ministers. He could not see how a just God could permit all the distinctions of human society and all this great world's sin and suffering, and yet be worthy of love and reverence; and said, "He was opposed to, and would

not believe what he could not understand." But now he knew no will save my mother's, and in the hour of his affliction he called upon the man he most affected to despise, and listened meekly to the few words he spoke of hope and Heaven.

"It is beautiful to die like this. If John would come I should be content. Tell him of his dying mother's blessing. Tell him—do you hear? they are calling me—there—up there—" and my mother's voice was as confiding as that of infancy, and her eyes were bright with the light of another world.

My father groaned aloud. She heard him, and her face saddened. "Do not wish to keep me, William—do not—they are calling me away—I cannot stay with you. Ellen, come near me—I cannot see you. What will you do without a mother. Mr. Wells, sometimes remember she is alone, sometimes speak to her a word of kindness; tell her where she may find life's green pastures, and its still waters."

Mr. Wells laid one hand softly upon my head, and with the other he brushed away the tear that was just ready to fall.

My mother smiled and tried to speak, but I only caught the word "Heaven," and leaving its light asleep upon her marble face, she went with the angels.

The funeral was over, the days dragged heavily by, and life was desolate. My father was changed again; the power that had softened his sternness was gone, and he was hard and cold as the rock around whose sides no clinging moss gathers. Nothing moved the frown that constantly rested upon his dark face. He came from his work and went again, seeking no sympathy, and never referring to his loss. But the great sepulchral groan that came from his chamber at night told how much he suffered, and my woman's heart, in its sorrowing for him, unconsciously lightened its own burden. To be sure, I felt keenly, but the warm blood of youth was not stilled in my veins, and hope whispered far away.

One morning, after a night spent in measuredly pacing the floor, he came from his room.

"Ellen," he said, fixing his dark, stony eyes upon me, "I cannot bear this, where everything reminds me of her and what might have been. You must take care of yourself. John has gone; the little there is you are welcome to, but I cannot stay."

His strange, wild manner frightened me, and I began to cry.

"Do not leave me, father," I faltered.

"Child, there is no use in talking; I cannot bear it, and I won't." He started, and then paused.

"Ellen, the God you love and that I should hate, if she had not loved him, will take care of you when I am gone!"

And the door closed behind him and I was alone—father, mother and brother all gone, not one in the whole busy world to care for or love me, and I repeated—oh, how desolately!—"the poor make no new friends." I tried to make some plans for the future, but it rose black, blank and drear, and through all the past there was only one star to brighten it, and, for the present, the Sabbath was my only comfort.

From the place which my mother had occupied I listened to the divine words of our Redeemer, and watched the agonizing expression of the human face, and the despairing gestures as they represented Him sinking under his burden; and when I saw the joy of infinite benevolence and good will to men dispel the clouds of suffering, like the sun of the morning, I worshipped the glowing image and not the Christ himself, and yet I thought Mr. Wells had forgotten, and why should he remember a child like me?

## CHAPTER II.

It was New Year's day. The crisp snow glittered in the sun, and the earth was sparkling in its jeweled crown, the sleigh bells went dancing by, mocking, with their merry jingle, the dying of old hopes as they welcomed the new, and the sound of happy voices came through the frosty windows, telling a heart-sickened girl of fourteen that life is full of joy.

A rap at the door startled me, and I trembled like a newly captured bird.

"Have I frightened you?" asked Mr. Wells, and without waiting for a reply he walked carelessly in and seated himself by the fire.

"Our New Year has commenced beautiful but cold. Where is your father?"

His easy, careless manner gave me self-possession to answer. He listened thoughtfully.

"And what are you to do?"

"Live, I suppose."

"Live, child! but you must do something to live. You can't stay here alone."

"I have for a fortnight."

"Haven't you any relatives?"

"No."

"Isn't there anybody you can stay with?"

"No."

"My poor child," he repeated, as if to himself, and then, after a long pause, he commenced again.

"Ellen, what would you do if you could?"

"Teach school."

"Why can't you?"

"I don't know enough."

"Do you ever expect to know enough?"

"Yes; some time."

"Ah, I believe you were my pupil once. You failed sometimes in getting your lesson, if I remember rightly; but I am through with schools now, and you have not learned enough to teach, so. What can you do?"

"Work."

"Are you willing to?"

"Yes."

"Can you sew?"

"Yes."

"Could you take care of a baby?"

"Oh, yes."

The very thought gave me life; I always liked children. I saw in my arms the beautiful little one, and knew it loved me.

"I notice you at church," he continued; "you listen as though you thought sometimes. My little boy put this volume of Mrs. Hemans in my pocket just before I left home; I think it must have been for you—she is a sweet poetess. Do you like to read?"

And without waiting for a reply, he bade me good morning, and was gone.

I breathed against the window to melt away the thick frost, and watched him out of sight.

I thought over and over again every word he had spoken, and the peculiar intonations of his voice as he spoke them. I kept before me the changing expression of his face, like a beautiful picture. I wondered why he had so closely questioned me, and if he had forgotten my dying mother that he did not speak of her. I was sure he intended to assist me or tell me of some way to help myself. The dark clouds had parted above me and let a ray of sunshine through. Yet why should I expect him? Why should he feel interested in a child like me? Did he not watch by the bedside of the dying too often to feel much in the presence of death? It was but a short journey, and better to be there than here. Why should it make one sad? But if he had noticed me from idle curiosity, or to indulge the impulse of a moment, the visit had done me good; I was aroused to action. I must do something, and I did the little in my power, and had faith in the future. I believed, and was not disappointed.

My mother's rose tree had withered and died as though its life had been one with hers that reared it. The little mice, the only pets of my loneliness, that I had taught fearlessly to nibble the crumbs from my hand, were left to roam undisturbed and unfed. The little brown house was deserted with many regrets. It had been my home and my mother's home, and as such was dear to me, and I wept first for joy at leaving and then in sorrow for the same.

A new life-era had commenced; old thoughts and old associations were fast being outrooted by the luxurious abundance of the new life that was springing up within and around me, and if the outgushing flow of that spontaneous life which makes a household complete was wanting, I did not understand it.

Mrs. Wells was peculiarly unknowable and undemonstrative, yet she sometimes surprised one by a revelation of unsuspected feeling. You might study her for weeks, but the calm, cold eyes told no tales of what they saw within, and no lines of care marred the beauty of the mild face by writing upon it the workings of the spirit.

She was a woman who never ventured into extremes, and so had few intensifying adjectives in her vocabulary; she was really very intelligent and well educated, but she was averse to displaying her knowledge, and few were the wiser for what she knew. Nine-tenths of the books she read were "very good," repeated in the most unmoved manner possible, and her favorites, if she had any, were no



better; nine-tenths of the people she met she liked "very well," and you would have waited long to hear her speak of the nearest and dearest with any more enthusiasm; to be sure, I once saw her pick a rosebud and playfully place it in the button-hole of her husband's coat as she bade him good-bye, but only once, during all the years I knew her, was she guilty of such an exhibition of sentiment, or of silliness, as she would have called it.

She was a woman that could not attract children, but that was of little moment to me, for my great desire was to please and not to be pleased.

On the first night of my arrival, after coolly inspecting me, she said, by way of encouragement,

"You look as though you might be of some use to me. I could get along very well alone, but my health is not very good and I never liked the care of children, though, I suppose mine are as little trouble as anybody's; and Mr. Wells insisted it was too much for me, and if he thought it best I was willing you should come."

My welcome was not very cordial, but there was nothing unkind in the way she spoke it.

Annie, a thoughtful girl of five, had during the conversation watched me distrustfully, she evidently had no desire to make my acquaintance; but Willie, a fine boy two years her junior, came up boldly and asked if I could tell him a story.

I took him upon my lap and told him of the little brown mice that ate bread from my hand without biting me.

"Stories annoy me," said Mrs. Wells, calmly, "if you wish for stories go to the nursery."

Willie took my hand, delighted to lead the way, but Annie followed afar off.

"What will the mice do, now you are gone?" asked Willie.

I feared they would die for want of something to eat, or that some naughty cat would catch them.

Annie's sympathy was roused, she advanced and putting her hand confidently in mine, said she would send them bread and cheese every day, and that I should tell her stories.

Mamma once told me a beautiful story of two little children, like William and I, that some wicked men carried off into the woods and left without anything to eat, as you left your little mice, and they died and the little robins covered them all up with leaves; but, she added, with a saddened face, "mamma can't tell us any more stories, it makes her so tired."

And so the treaty of friendship was concluded, the affection and confidence of the little ones were gained and love was mutual. I could be sad no longer, though I was motherless; the childhood that should have been mine years before had come to me at last, bright and sunny.

After the children were in bed, Mr. Wells sent for me.

"You are the young lady that wishes to make something? You would like to know enough to teach school, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are almost fifteen; well you have no time to lose. Aside from your other duties you will have much to learn, let it be well improved, and I will teach you." He gave me my lessons and I went away.

After that he took very little notice of me, and for my recitations, never blamed or praised me. I neither sought attention nor expected it; life was full and complete without it. He taught me; he was interested in my improvement, and I needed no other incentive to action. The dull Latin verbs, over which almost every student remembers to have wasted many sighs, were clothed with life and poetry. The detestation I had felt for arithmetic became delight, and the stumbing, hesitating manner of making recitation, by which I had so often tried the patience of my teachers, was changed, and the most difficult problems were solved by the magic of will and work. I labored, not for the love I had of labor or of learning in themselves, but for the fear that the frown I had seen, might return, and for the hope that sometimes Mr. Wells might say, "You have done well."

# CHAPTER III.

SUMMER came again, and I was still progressing rapidly. Mrs. Wells praised me as much as she ever praised any body. She told her husband "I was very useful and industrious," and that she thought "there was a prospect of my making a worthy woman—that the comfort and convenience of the family were, every day, depending more and more upon me, and that she feared he did not appreciate me." He smiled, and answered nothing.

The children were my constant companions, and never governess took more pride and pleasure in her little charge. I needed no other weapons to secure their obedience, than the all powerful ones of a story, a walk over the hills, or an hour's play in the garden.

The house stood on a grassy slope somewhat apart from its neighbors. Before it lay in quiet beauty the soft, green meadow, while behind it a high hill abruptly reared itself. Its commanding form, alternately composed of rich woodland and massive rocks, through whose juiceless sides some wayward tree, fond of power, would force itself, and sucking its subsistence from the bosom of barrenness, grow proud and strong upon its scanty fare.

From its most secluded recess the pearly waters bubbled up from some unknown fountain into a pure mountain spring, which overflowing its banks and accumulating help on the way, came leaping and bounding over the rocks in several distinct waterfalls; at first, as if frantic with its newly discovered freedom, it rushed precipitately over the highest and steepest, and then winding its way along smooth, those of lesser height, until it reached the cottage, where it glided by with gentle murmurings, as if fatigued with its play, and singing itself to sleep in very weariness.

On the bank of the stream, not far away, was an old neglected summer-house, partially covered with woodbine, as old and neglected as itself. This I had trimmed carefully, and after transplanting wild roses and honeysuckle from the garden, I taught them to twine and intertwine their branches with the lattice-work, until my bower was complete.

We sometimes made this our study, and one morning after our usual romp, Annie and I came running toward it.

"Oh, what a beauty! what a beauty!" she shouted, romping up and down, and clapping her hands in childish delight. "Do see it, Ellen, and please sing about the bower of roses and the birds."

It was indeed, beautiful as the enchanted bowers of eastern romance. The night dews still lingered like ten thousand diamonds, amid its luxuriant blossoms, and glorified and made gorgeous in the just risen sun. Three fairy little humming birds, glittering in their many colored plumes, were sipping from the nectared sweets that filled the air with the most delicious perfume.

"We will christen it Bendemeer," I said, "in honor of the bard of Erin."

"What does that mean?" asked Annie.

Without noticing her question, I commenced singing,

"There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,"

and I stopped, half covered with the vines, until I had finished.

Annie stood watching me, archly.

"What makes your eyes look so roguish, ma petite?" I asked.

She laughed outright, and pointed behind me.

There sat Mr. Wells, evidently enjoying my confusion, and looking more as though there might be some fun in his nature than I had ever before seen him.

"Don't be frightened, little ones," he said, addressing me familiarly for the first time, "your song was very charming, and you are an admirer of Tom Moore, are you? If this is the result of your admiration, I am pleased with it."

"Sit down by me, Ellen, I would like to talk with you."

Annie looked at her father for some token of recognition, but receiving neither word nor sign, she went back into the garden, where little Willie was still at play.

"You have a fine voice, Ellen," he continued, "and you should have had a teacher long ago. I confess to having attended very stupidly to the wants of my little protégé, but I promise reformation, and shall commence by bringing her one to-morrow, if she likes."

"But it will cost so much," I said, hesitatingly.

"I ought to be willing to make some little sacrifice for my foster child," and I looked up into a face glowing with human kindness, my own full of the thanks I could not express.

"I have great hopes for your future," he continued, "and have had ever since that New-year's day; you remember it, Ellen? I was out calling, and the little old house looked so lonely and deserted, I could not help wondering if you were there, and then a sudden impulse seized me, and I went in."

"I thought you would come, at first, because my mother asked you, and then I feared you had forgotten it."

"Forgotten it?" he repeated, thoughtfully. "I was engaged with other things, but after that, I could not forget you. At church you listened so earnestly, that I involuntarily preached to you. I felt if

you did not understand me then, you would some time, and through the week your sad face haunted me. You came to me in dreams and asked if I remembered your mother's dying words. You had no need to ask it Ellen, they were in my ears continually: "Sometimes remember, she is alone; sometimes be kind to her and tell her where she may find life's green pastures and its still waters," and he smoothed my hair, and stooping, kissed my forehead."

"But we are talking too long; breakfast will be waiting, and Mrs. Wells will wonder we are not there. Go for the children."

I obeyed; my childish heart swelling with its new joy. Mr. Wells was far from being wealthy; his small salary was barely sufficient for the ordinary wants of his family, yet for my pleasure he was willing to incur this new expense. How kind and generous he was; how much he must be interested in me, and no one had spoken of my fine voice before—yet I was conscious of it, when I sang to the forests the plaintive airs my mother taught me, or made them re-echo with the more joyous melodies of my happier life.

Music was my passion. I would work, and I would excel, and then Mr. Wells loved music; he would like me better when I could play and sing for him; other people would admire and love me for it, and he would grow proud of my success. I would be so good and do all that he wished, and he would always be glad he had found me, and never regret that he had been kind. I could not think he had regretted it, for he must be very fond of me, or he would not have kissed me so kindly, just as my mother did after I knew she loved me, and if my father had only been like him, what a loving home we might have had in spite of poverty.

Breakfast was taken as usual. It was never social. Mr. Wells read the morning paper as he drank his coffee, and did not wish to be disturbed; and Mrs. Wells, while seeming to do as she pleased, always respected his wishes, and avoided anything that might annoy him; and I, who had a feeling amounting to reverence in the presence of my superiors, had no need to be cautioned into quiet.

The gratitude I felt, and my increasing desire to do, were sometimes burdensome by their excess, yet I continually lingered by the wayside to dream of what had been and what was to be, instead of working persistently for it—of what Mr. Wells said—of what he meant by this or that, and how strangely he looked when he said it.

I made a strong effort to resist this subtle enemy of improvement, for I was often warned that "a girl of sixteen had no right to be dreaming—she should either work or play, and do it with her might."

The recitation hour, which came after tea, was to me the great event of the day. The wisdom and learning of my teacher astonished me more and more. He was to me the Christ among men; he read to me, and gave me books above the comprehension of a child, but I studied them until I was able to speak intelligently of what I knew, and to ask questions understandingly, and so he came to talk over his sermons with me. I gave him texts of Scripture, and it pleased me that he preached from them—that I was more to him than the child he called me—when Time was so fast making me a woman, and I loved to think myself such only that I might sit at the feet of my Gamaliel and learn of him.

As my teacher became more social, school books were neglected for those more literary and religious; yet I was conscious of progression, and I cared not so much what he said, so that he talked, for he drew his chair closer to mine than he did once; he played with my curls while he spoke, and never forgot the accustomed kiss when I left him, and I—fresh and joyous with awakening life—listened and lived upon his thoughts. I absorbed from his life the nourishment he did not miss, and that for me was all sufficient. I believed in him as I believed in God; I worked for him, thought for him, prayed for him, lived for him, and for what I did this, I neither knew or cared. I was not even conscious that it was so; I only knew he was more kind to me than to any other, that he said "he liked to have me near him, and that I made him happier."

Time passed and I had gradually become interested in the great question that interests, at one time or another, every person educated within the precincts of a Christian church.

One Sabbath evening I listened to an usually effective discourse. The silence was impressive, and the speaker trembled with an almost overwhelming fear, least those to whom he had shown the way should delay entering the sheltering fold where the Good Shepherd stood waiting to receive them, and finally perish. He saw them bruised and wounded with sin, and grew eloquently beautiful, as he presented them with the Balm of Gilead and bade the thirsty drink the waters of life freely.

The multitude gathered to hear the everlasting Gospel, with eager, upturned faces, strained eyes and tear-wet cheeks, showed I was not alone in my desire for the great salvation.

From my earliest infancy I had been taught my "exceeding sinfulness," and although I had never doubted its truth, I had never before felt its burden, and now a great necessity seemed resting upon me to do—what? I had been vaguely told, but I could not understand it, and to whom could I go, save to him who had promised to show "life's green pastures and its still waters."

When I reached home Mrs. Wells and the children had retired. Mr. Wells went immediately to the study, and with a warning cry in my ears, I followed him.

"What troubles you, my child?" he asked, "a sad face does not become you. Smiles, bright as yours, should never be clouded, let it be for me to be sad, since I am old and ugly."

I did not expect to find him thus cheerful. His good-natured manner annoyed me; I could not answer his question, it seemed so unsympathising, and I began to cry.

Suddenly his manner changed to one of extreme tenderness. "Ellen, I cannot bear to see you like this, it troubles me. Tell me what is it? Do tell me!"

And I did tell him of my want, my sin and my torturing fear; I asked with trembling, "What shall I do to be saved?"

He listened in surprised silence until I had finished.

"My child, you are a little foolish, do you know it? And yet I sympathise with you, for I have felt as you do."

"Do you really believe you are so very wicked?" he continued. "I have known you some time, and have not found you so; on the contrary, I have thought you very pure and innocent, and much in love with all that is true and beautiful, and dare you tell me you hate the good God who made all this?"

I had been taught so, but could not say it.

"Your silence answers me, then do not distress yourself longer, for in effect you accept the Divine man, Christ Jesus, and if you were to die to-night, I do not think your punishment would be very distressing; at any rate, I think I should be willing to bear it for you," and he looked at me curiously with a half smile.

I did not reply, but his words had taken the desired effect, and the spirit that he had evoked took its flight and came no more. A new manifestation of character was being revealed, and for the first time came a fleeting doubt of the truthfulness of my oracle.

He noticed my surprise, but it only seemed to amuse him. "You are an unsophisticated little girl," he said, "you believe people say what they mean, but some time the world will teach you a different lesson."

"But you believe what you say?"

"I am not the world," he answered, evasively.

"You are one of the world, and how can I tell whether I should believe you or not, if you teach me to distrust the world?"

"On the Sabbath you preach to me to repent and avoid the awful punishment of the wicked; you talk of the judgment, and bid me beware of the pit where the 'worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched,' and Monday you bid me put far away such disagreeable thoughts and think only of what is beautiful and true in life. Is that the way?"

"Ellen, you question rather closely. You do not understand that society requires this of me and will have it; they are not advanced enough to get along without the damning part of religion. They ask for no better bread than their fathers gave them—hunks—that only tantalise the appetite they should assuage; they do not know this, and they only stuff themselves the more greedily, vainly hoping, in time, they shall be satisfied."

"But if a new light has dawned upon you," I persisted, "ought you not to tell them, there may be some who are weary of the food you have given them and who would joyfully accept the new salvation."

"Would to God I could do this," he answered, earnestly; "but if I were to preach to them as I think, in a month I should be homeless—an outcast from the church and an 'alien from the commonwealth of Israel.' I have no other business, and I am fitted for no other; I could not provide for my own household, and what would be worse, if possible, I should have to be separated from you, my pet, and I am not yet prepared to sacrifice my all upon the altar of truth, when it is better as it is."

"They will not go with me, then let me give them such as they ask, while at home I enjoy a more beautiful religion, and live a truer

and better life; and let me live it with you, my Ellen. Will you, dearest?" and he pressed me closer to him.

I instinctively drew back.

"Why do you do so?" he asked. "Is it so disagreeable to be near me, that you cannot bid me a kind good-night when we part. I cannot blame you that you do not like me, yet I wish it were not so."

"You know it is not so," I answered, a little piqued at his remark.

"Then you fear me; yet I would sooner harm my own soul than you."

"I have known you too long, and you have been too kind for me to be afraid of you, and I could not be as ungrateful as not to like you when you have done everything for me."

"Yes, that is it," he said sadly, "you wish to like me, because you are grateful; but never speak of it again, or of what I have done for you. I have done what I have, because I loved to do it, and my only regret is that I could not do more, though I know, if we would keep the affection of our friends, we should never put them under obligations to us."

"Then what can I do to please you?" I asked.

"Do just as you have done, Ellen, for you please me now, though I am troubling you. Only trust me, and give me your hand in token of confidence."

I obeyed; and with my hand in his, he talked long upon the abuses of society, and though he confessed himself a slave to its conventionalities, he thanked God free thought had found him in his retirement, and he hailed with joy the progress of a social emancipation that should one day see him free to follow the impulses of his God-given nature, with none to "molest or make him afraid."

Thus I sat listening to his talk, until the matins from the fowls in the yard warned us of approaching morning, and thus the seeds were sown which grew into a tree, whose forbidden fruit should one day enchant with poisonous sweetness.

"I have kept you up too long," he said, at last. "I could never forgive myself if I should be the means of taking one rose from such cheeks as yours; but think of what I have said, will you, dearest? and go softly to your room, lest you disturb some one."

I had no need of the caution, for I had no wish to be discovered.

Thus, by a single stroke of a master hand, the foundation upon which the fond faith of childhood had been grounded was rudely torn away, and the whole lay in confused, disjointed ruins.

We read after this, but were alone less often. Mrs. Wells joined the circle, attracted by doctrines that charmed by their novelty, and together the works of the most ultra of modern reformers were discussed.

"Why will you fill the ears of that child with such nonsense, when she should be studying her school books?" she urged; but he persisted, and she, unwilling to oppose farther, what she seemed to consider mere pastime, and never dreamed of being made practical, yielded in silence.

"What good will these turnings and over turnings do?" I asked one day, wearied with new things.

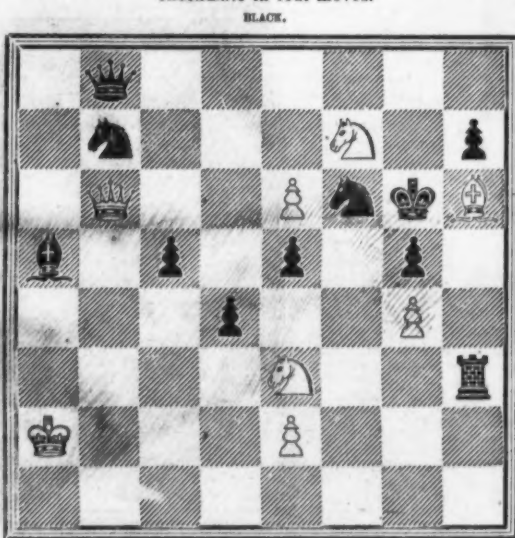
"Have I not explained that already," he answered, a little impatiently. "What harm does it do to receive the truth and be made free by it? Let those enjoy bondage who like it, but by God's help and that of the church I shall one day be free."

I saw him growing more imperious and impatient of contradiction from me, and I gradually ceased to oppose him, even in thought. "What harm was it to believe in the truth and be free?" Time was soon to teach me, and that time not far distant.

(To be continued)

## CHESS.

PROBLEM NO. 286.—By Mr. J. A. MILES. White to play and checkmate in four moves.



The following game was played at the St. George's Chess Club, between Mr. KOLASCH and Mr. BARNES, during the sojourn of the former in London:

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. K.	Mr. B.	Mr. K.	Mr. B.
1 P to K4	P to K5 (a)	16 K to Ksq	Q to K5
2 P to Q4	P to K5	17 Kt to K5	Q to K5
3 B to Q3	P to K5	18 Kt to K4	K to Bsq (d)
4 Kt to K3	Kt to K3	19 Kt to K3	P to Q4
5 P to K5	P to K3 (b)	20 P to K4	P to K4 (f)
6 B to K3	B to K3	21 P to P (g)	P to K5
7 B to K5	P to K3	22 K to K5 (h)	B to Q3
8 B to K7	K to K5	23 K to K5	B to Q3
9 Q to B4	P to Q4	24 B to K5 (i)	K to B5
10 B to K5	Kt to K5	25 B to K5 (j)	K to B5
11 Castles	P to Q3	26 K to K5	Q to Q2
12 P to Q4	Kt to K5	27 K to K5	K to B5
13 Kt to K3	K to B5	28 Q to K5 (k)	K to B5
14 P to K5 (a)	P to Q4	29 K to K5 (l)	K to B5
15 Kt to K3	B to K5	30 K to K5 (m)	K to B5
16 Q to K5	B to K5	31 P to B7, and wins.	

(a) A defence which we are not at all disposed to recommend, as it is certain to give the first player a superior game.

(b) This was a mistake, we suppose; it loses a piece.

(c) Evidently a miscalculation, as it loses the exchange, at least.

(d) In order to prevent White taking the K P with Kt.

(e) Highly ingenious and quite sound.

(f) The position is very interesting and instructive. P to Q4 seems at the first glance to be a good move, but on examination it will be found that White must speedily gain the victory, play as Black may. Suppose,

16 P to B5 24 Q to K5 (n) 25 Q to Q2

17 K to K5 26 K to B5, and wins.

(g) The latter part of the game is played by Mr. Kolasch with all his usual vigor and brilliancy.

One of the match games between Messrs. KOLASCH and MENDLEY at the London Chess Club

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. K.	Mr. M.	Mr. K.	Mr. M.
1 P to K4	P to K4	16 P to K4	Kt to K3
2 Kt to K3	Kt to K3	17 B to K4	B to K3
3 P to Q3	P to Q3	18 B to K4	P to K5
4 Kt to K3	Kt to K3	19 P to K4	Kt to K3
5 P to Q4	P to Q4	20 K to K5	Kt to K3
6 B to K3	B to K3	21 Q to K5	Q to K5
7 Castles	Castles	22 K to K5 (n)	K to K5
8 B to K5	B to K5	23 K to K5	Q to K5 (o)
9 Kt to K3	Kt to K3	24 Q to K5	K to K5
10 Q to K5	Q to K5	25 Q to K5	K to K5
11 P to K5	P to K5	26 K to K5	K to K5
12 P to K5	P to K5	27 B to K5	K to K5
13 Kt to K3	Kt to K3	28 K to K5	K to K5
14 Kt to K3	Kt to K3	29 K to K5	K to K5

(n) This is a safe mode of evading the attack; Morphy played here, P to K5, and upon White's replying P to Q4, answered with K to K5.

(o) Much better than to have advanced the K's P. Pawn two squares, because had that move been made, White would have derived some advantage by P to K5.

(p) This seems best; for if, Kt to K5, B to K5, B to K5, in reply would have given Black some trouble.

(q) Threatening Kt to B5 (ch), &c.—Mr.

"JEN TALK.—Fussell, the painter, had a great dislike to idle talk and unmeaning conversation. After sitting silent in his own room, during the 'bed and disjointed chat' of some idle callers-in, who were gabbling about the weather, he suddenly exclaimed 'We had pork for dinner to-day!' 'Dear Mr. Fussell, what an odd remark.' 'Why, it is as good as anything you have been saying for the last hour.'"





THE LATE DR. JOHN W. FRANCIS, OF NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 246.





PROCESSION IN HONOR OF COLUMBIA, CONCLUDING WITH GRAND TABLEAU, THE APOTHEOSIS OF WASHINGTON.—See Page 243.

memorandum which it had nearly been the Wyck immediately his would-be him a heavy law, which made At that instant rushed up and with a bowie-knife later ward off making a terrible palm. He now were four men on drew his re- vowing knocked the down with his his first assailant, stopped. At this Wyck was felled one of his assail- perfectly un- the defence. ruffians were or found their for they made their wounded them. As soon red himself Mr. his way to his did not reach till

in a very short time is completely roasted. Turtle may be prepared, according to the same authority, by placing it over the fire in a pot of water, in the lid of which there is a hole large enough to allow the turtle to put out his head. As the water becomes hot the turtle naturally thrusts his head out to get at the cooler air, when he

is fed with spiced wine and soy-sauce, which he drinks readily as a relief from the heat. This goes on as long as he has strength to keep his head up, and as the turtle does not part with life easily, he seldom fails to go on stuffing himself till he is cooked.

GARIBALDI'S HEAD.—Garibaldi's head has been examined by

Riboll, a great European phrenologist. Its size is declared remarkable, especially the height, measuring from the ear to the top of the cranium. This particular predominance of all the superior part of the head denotes at the outset an exceptional organization; the development of that part of the cranial structure which is sup-



MURDEROUS ATTACK UPON THE HON. MR. VAN WYCK, MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM THE WEST POINT DISTRICT, N. Y., BY UNKNOWN PERSONS, NEAR THE NORTH WING OF THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, ON THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 21st, 1861.



posed by phrenologists to be the seat of the sentiments indicates (says Riboli) the preponderance of all the noble faculties over the mere instincts. And after examination, the man of science pronounces that Garibaldi's craniology presents that rare and almost unprecedented phenomenon—the harmony of all the organs in a perfect state of development, and the mathematical result of their assemblage is demonstrated to be as follows: "Abnegation above all and under all circumstances; prudence and coolness; a natural austerity of manners; almost perpetual meditation; grave and precise eloquence; loyalty dominant; an incredible deference for his friends, and a power of perception of character in regard to those who surround him which surpasses that possessed by most men." All of which traits might have been predicated of Garibaldi by any one who should never have seen his head or remarked its peculiar development of that region which is the "seat of the sentiments."

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Which has ever been presented to the public, for promoting a healthy growth of hair on a

BALD HEAD OR BARE FACE.

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Persons having tried the various preparations now flooding the country, and having been deceived by them, should not be discouraged, but try one box of

BELLINGHAM'S OINTMENT,

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which is warranted to do all that is claimed for it. If applied to the scalp it will cure baldness, and cause a growth of hair in place of the bald spots. A fine growth of hair. Applied according to directions, it will turn red or tow hair dark and restore gray hair to its original color—leaving it soft, smooth and flexible.

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"ATTENTION, YOUNG MEN."

We perceive by the advertisement of Messrs. Horace L. Hegeman & Co., of No. 24 William St., this city, that the renowned "Stimulating Ointment," invented by Dr. Bellingham, for a healthy stimulation in the growth of beard or whiskers, has now had its American market confided to their agency. The high reputation of this article in London, Paris and other cities of Europe seems to have been fully justified by experience in this country. We find that its praises are re-echoed among all classes. A few weeks are said to prove its almost magical influences upon the beard or whiskers. The British Volunteers have made such free use of it as to attract the attention of the London Punch. See advertisement of Messrs. HEGEMAN & CO., in another column.—Herald, Sunday, Feb. 11, 1861.

And from the Sunday Times.

A FASHIONABLE NARRATIVE.—The strength of Sampson was in his hair, and the strength of a man's claims to fashion are tested now-a-days by the luxuriance of his whiskers and moustaches. Fashion, for once, is on the side of reason and nature, and, in restoring the beard to its ancient honours, deserves to be applauded. But on some nature refuses to produce the manly crop. Art, however, steps in here to her aid, with Bellingham's Stimulating Ointment, a preparation warranted to produce a thick moustache or whiskers in a few weeks. This preparation may be had at Hegeman & Co.'s, No. 24 William St.—Sunday Times, Feb. 19, 1861.

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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Or a box of the Ointment (warranted to have the desired effect), will be sent to any who desire it, by mail (direct), securely packed, on receipt of price and postage, \$1 10. Apply to Dr. Bellingham.

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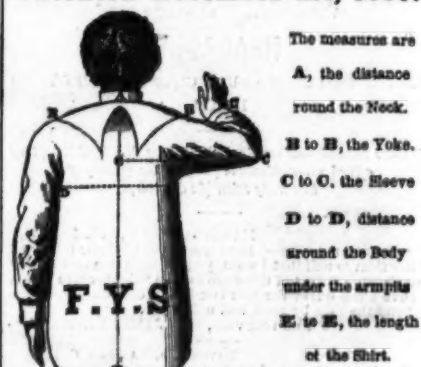
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